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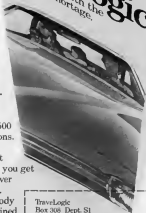
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Credits on page 77

Next week

BOXING STRONGMAN Bob Arum is little known, but no matter who was he will be around long after the Frazier-Ali fight. Mark Kram portrays the game's latest impresario.

HOUND AND HAMMER Nicknames of a pair of Philadelphia hockey heavies, are the mortar and pestle with which the Flyers grind the enemy. A close-up in words and photographs.

THE LAST RESORT, in a manner of speaking, is Palmar del Mar, a Puerto Rican wonderland where at an eventual cost of \$750 million taste will triumph over the tacky-tacky.

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BOOKTALK

It is pretty tough, but just possible, to read *Wilt* and think: The poor little guy!

In the preface to *Wilt—Just Like Any Other 7-Foot Black Millionaire Who Lives Next Door* (Macmillan, \$6.95), Chamberlain's collaborator, David Shaw, promises us "not just another sports book," and in the sense that this autobiography certainly is not namby-pamby, Shaw and Chamberlain have succeeded. But also, "We wanted a book that would capture and reveal Wilt Chamberlain, the man, as he really is. . . . In this respect the endeavor may also be a success, but not of the sort the pair intended.

A large part of the problem is that Shaw/Chamberlain obviously believe that depth and meaning may be achieved merely by being "outrspoken." But the blustery kind of candor that Wilt too often unleashes on us amounts to nothing but sound and fury. And in a terribly forced attempt to make this an "adult" sports book, the reader is asked to endure the most tedious, extraneous accounts of Wilt's sex life, with asides and general observations on the subject so utterly sophomoric that Wilt looms more as some kind of double date than the sex symbol he says he is. (Gee, fella, Wilt has 10,000 telephone numbers; wow, guys, Wilt went out with Kim Novak!)

To prove how liberated Wilt is, dirty words are sprinkled about to no good use. For this, Shaw and the publishers ought to have their mouths washed out with soap. At times *Wilt* makes one positively long for those namby-pamby, stylized, I-want-to-thank-all-the-wonderful-people sports books that traditionally dominate the field. One extreme cliché can be as intolerable as another.

On the few occasions when Wilt pauses in his relentless "speaking out," however, the book is instructive and even engaging. His discussion of size is nice (though it doesn't go far enough) and so is a treatise on foul shooting. The accounts of his 100-point game, of his aborted fight with Muhammad Ali, and of his first ugly year with the Lakers are full of the kind of rich detail that too often comes out as the form of beast-beating and protesting too much.

Of the book's two most revealing passages one is almost an aside, an admission or boast (one cannot be sure which) that he has never in his 37 years had a deep, lasting relationship with any woman: ". . . I think the longest relationship like that I've ever had was three weeks back in 1967 or '68, with an Australian girl." Wilt observes that people believe him to be a homosexual because he never permits himself to be seen in public with these scores of beauties he is forever ravishing—but sadder, surely, as never to have loved at all.

Another provocative segment is Chamberlain's portrait of himself vis-à-vis President Nixon, whom he supported in 1968, and whom, to distraction, he calls "Richard." (Though it is almost worth it to encounter a line like, "I told Richard, 'You gotta have some problems with Mr. Sproul'") Wilt explains, "If I was going to get involved in a political campaign, I wanted to be on the inside.

If Richard won, of course, I figured I'd have some input at the White House. . . . Still, Judge Sirica, to say nothing of the rest of us, will be relieved to learn right here on page 294 that Wilt admits to no influence whatsoever over the White House, though he does believe that he and the President are kindred spirits. "Throughout his political career," Wilt writes, "he'd been called a 'loser'—the guy who could never win the big one. Me too. He had been shafted by the press quite a bit. Me too. He had a penchant for beating the other guy at the other guy's game. . . . And so on.

This is a rare original reflection in a book where philosophy otherwise never exceeds such dusty insights as: Southern California is a very natural place because fewer men wear neckties (do Chinese think all Southern Californians without neckties look alike?). Or, organized religion is just like a business. Or, having sex with the lights off is part of our Puritanical heritage. Or: Wilt Chamberlain should never be a coach because he lacks the proper temperament.

Such chestnuts aside, *Wilt* is a bottomless pit of braggadoocio—anything you can do, I can do better, or more of: score more points, run faster, drive further, make more money, be more outspoken. A kind of melancholy—quite unintended—comes to pervade the book as this goes on and on. Every detail can be measured in some teammate's statistics. Every slur is rebutted with his own monstrous figures. They don't love me if I score the most points, so I'll get the most rebounds, and they still don't love me, so I'll make the most assists.

Even now he has absolutely no comprehension of Bill Russell, his bête noire, nor why Russell touches chords Wilt cannot. Chamberlain simply does not understand—or cannot, or will not—that none of the numbers mean anything, except that Russell had *his* number. Wilt invents the most incredible reasons to account for Russell's greater public eminence, he rails at him, admits he was hurt by him, and at last somehow manages to decide that, "Bill is a shallower man for all his basketball triumphs. . . . I feel sorry for him."

Finally, between the lines of this book a lonely, frustrated man emerges. This majestic physical specimen seems ultimately a poignant figure, wallowing page after page in his achievements but hopelessly hounded, like a Gulliver, by an accumulated webbing of his own limitations and misconceptions.

—FRANK DEFORD

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

TELLING IT LIKE IT IS

Ohio State rebuked John Mummey, an assistant football coach, for asking alumni to contribute to a special fund for assistant coaches, those vital but not extravagantly paid members of the school's football program. Mummey defended his efforts, saying, "I realize this is a state-run university and that a lot of people get jealous and upset, but we're a big business. Anytime you take in \$4 million through the gates and turnstiles, that's what you are. You don't have 87,000 people at a spelling bee."

NEW AMATEURS

Well, the NCAA did vote in favor of a liberalized amateur rule at its convention in San Francisco (SCORECARD, Jan. 7), a radical step for that often stodgy body to take. An athlete at an NCAA school now can compete as an amateur in one sport even if he is a professional in another. This means that a man who has signed a professional contract in baseball can, for example, play college football or basketball. This is in direct contradiction to the Olympic premise, which holds that an athlete who even competes against professionals is no longer a true amateur.

The sharp men, the cool men, are already figuring ways to take advantage of the new rule—signing a man to an inflated contract to play exhibition tiddleywinks in order to make sure he will bring his amateur talents as a running back to good old Subterfuge U. Perhaps such manipulations will prove a minor enforcement problem. The bigger difficulty lies in international competition. Even though Lord Killanin, president of the International Olympic Committee, hinted that a change in the Olympic definition of amateur might result from the NCAA action, some authorities felt there was little chance that other countries, particularly those where there is no parallel to our high-paying professional sports, will agree to relax international standards to accommodate the NCAA ruling. In other words, an

Olympic champion turned pro footballer, such as Bob Hayes a decade ago, would not be allowed to continue as an amateur runner in international competition. It also means that an athlete who competes with or against these sometime pros runs the risk of being banned by international sports bodies.

In brief, the rule is a plus for domestic competition, but international approval will be a while coming. Even so, it is a welcome step toward reality.

PROBLEM PANTS

Speaking of amateurs, cross-country skier Mary Lee Atkins of Durango, Colo., is one who got into trouble for not paying attention to commercial considerations, which shows you how confusing standards can be. Miss Atkins, ranked first last year in the Sunsonite series of cross-country races and second this year, has been named Colorado's outstanding female athlete of the year, but when she did not wear the U.S. ski team's official uniform (which is supplied by Sears) to a banquet in Michigawye, Mich., she was sent home by Coach Martin Hall.

"I didn't wear the pants because they didn't fit," the 19-year-old skier said. "They're uncomfortable and I don't like them." She admitted she had had similar trouble before. "It was at a banquet in Aspen," she said. "There were a lot of heavies from Sears and Sunsonite there, and I didn't wear all uniform clothes. I wore a pair of pants that looked like the uniform pants. Because I did, Coach Hall told me I'd have to pay my own way to Michigawye, but later on he gave me my ticket." When Hall sent her home from Michigan she said she thought at first of quitting, "but then I realized I had been wrong and that quitting wasn't the right thing to do."

Hall said, "I certainly don't think the punishment was too strict. They have more combinations of clothing to wear than you could shake a stick at. On that night in Aspen the president of Sunsonite was there, and he's worth a cool \$80,-

000 to the team. And the chairman of Sears was there, and he's worth \$200,000 to the team. We have an image to present. We represent those people. They've given us money. The least we can do is wear their clothes."

"These kids like to run around the country, but they don't seem to have a sense of responsibility of where the money comes from. I don't think it's too much to ask them to wear their uniforms. I don't think running around in red corduroy pants and clops without socks is the right image."

Miss Atkins has since had her uniform pants tailored to her own taste. "They look different now," she said. "I hope I don't get in trouble for this, too."

OILERS' CHOICE

One of the advantages of being the worst team in the National Football League, as the Houston Oilers were this season, is the right to pick first in the draft of college players. However, in its wisdom, Houston already has dealt away that choice, and quite a few others besides. As a result, when the NFL draft is held later this month the lowly Oilers will have no picks at all through the first three rounds, and only 11 through the first 17 rounds. Compare this with the Super Bowl rivals. Miami will have 22 picks, Minnesota 20, including two first-round choices. Oh my, how the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

But Houston fans can offer a counterargument. In their frantic trading, the Oilers acquired a bevy of top-draft players from other teams. This past season they had a dozen first-round picks on the roster, a rather impressive total. Still, that hasn't done the Oilers much good, at least not so far. So why worry about the draft?

SAILSMANSHIP

Australis, the Australian America's Cup yacht, has been launched officially, but it is not *Australis*. That is, it was *Australis* before it was launched, but it isn't anymore. Owner Alan Bond decided *Australis* wasn't gutsy enough. What he wanted, according to reports, was a tough, aggressive, even menacing name. So he picked *Avenger*. That, according to Australian yachting writer Bruce Stannard, "would have created merry hell among the crusty old conservatives of the New York Yacht Club. Races may be won at sea, but Bond believed a little

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

gamesmanship on land would be useful."

Apparently, Bond decided all this was as silly as it sounds, for he changed course again and settled on *Southern Cross*, which is rich in Australian tradition. The Southern Cross is the beautiful constellation of the southern hemisphere that appears on the Australian flag. It also was the name given to the famous airplane in which Sir Charles Kingsford-Smith made the first transpacific flight from the U.S. to Australia in 1928.

Besides, a boat by any other name is just as fast—and just as likely to score the New York Yacht Club.

LOGICAL POSITIVISTS

The third annual Wiseman Trophy has been awarded to Lynn Swann, USC's exemplary flanker. The Wiseman, created as an antidote to the Heisman Trophy, is given annually to the college player who the proprietors of the Victoria Station restaurant in San Francisco decide is the best in the country. Their selections are based on clear, cold logic. When Cornell's Ed Marinaro was picked in 1971 (the Heisman went to Auburn's Pat Sullivan), it was discovered that the three partners in the restaurant were all graduates of Cornell. When they went for Brad Van Pelt of Michigan State in 1972 instead of Johnny Rogers, it seemed only fitting that Publicist Glenn Dornbush turned out to be a Michigan State man.

This year's selection of Southern California's Swann was more puzzling, since nobody on the selection committee had gone to USC. The restaurant duly announced that the selection of Swann was a completely objective one, adding, "The fact that we have one Victoria Station open in Los Angeles and three others under construction in that area had nothing whatever to do with the choice."

TOOMEY THE SWIMMER

They're gathering in Florida for another Superstar competition, the one at which Bob Seagren won a \$39,700 prize a year ago. You remember the setup: star athletes from different sports compete in a variety of activities (running, swimming, cycling, weight lifting, tennis, hitting a baseball, and so on), with the provision that a man cannot compete in his own specialty. More than a dozen stars, from Pete Rose to O.J. Simpson to Larry Mahan, will battle this year, and the self-styled favorite is Bill Toomey, the 1968

Olympic decathlon champion. Toomey was not in the event last year, and when he heard that Seagren had won, he said, "If they had let me in, I would have cleaned Seagren's clock."

Now track coach at the University of California at Irvine, Toomey turned to coaches in other sports to help sharpen his skills. His extraordinary athletic ability was soon evident in most areas, but there was one glaring exception. "I'm sure he'll learn fast," UCI swimming coach Ed Newland told Earl Gustkey of the *Los Angeles Times* after Toomey's first workouts in the pool, "but he has absolutely no feel for the water. Right now, he couldn't finish the 100-yard freestyle, let alone win it. But in time I think I can get him under a minute for the distance."

In an effort to encourage Toomey, Newland jokingly disparaged the swimming talents of the other competitors.

"Carl Eller is in it," Toomey said.

"Eller is dogmeat," Newland said.

"What about Roger Staubach?"

"Staubach is dogmeat."

"Pete Rose?"

"Pete Rose is dogmeat."

Thus inspired, Toomey labored on, although later he said philosophically, "There's no way I can win in this thing. I mean, if I do win, people will say an Olympic decathlon champion should have won it. If I lose, they'll say how can an Olympic decathlon champion lose to those guys?"

THEY SAID IT

- Gerry Cheevers, who defected from the Boston Bruins to the Cleveland Crusaders of the World Hockey Association, on the difference between the two teams: "Well, it did seem a little strange to discover that the No. 4 carrying the puck was Ralph Hovavari, not Bobby Orr."

- Chuck Tanner, manager of the Chicago White Sox, on whether his team liked the designated hitter: "We had a meeting with Lee MacPhail, the new president of the American League, and he told us we liked it."

- Dan Bouchard, Atlanta Flame goalie, complaining that NHL referees do not give goalies the protection to which they are entitled: "They never seem to make the call when the opposing team hits a man in the crease. One night while we were playing Minnesota, Dennis Hextall even checked me from behind." **END**



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IT WAS THE

*They came by land and by air, if not by sea, and they
an awesome display of offense and defense to win*

Super Bowl VIII had all the excitement and suspense of a master butcher quartering a steer. The slaughterhouse was Houston's Rice Stadium and the butcher was Miami Quarterback Bob Griese, whose deft dismemberment of the Minnesota Vikings may have had a certain esthetic appeal for serious students of the science of football, but left devotees of drama more than a little bored.

The suspense in the game, which Miami won 24-7, lasted for five minutes and 27 seconds, which was the time it took Griese to march his Dolphins 62 yards in 10 plays after the opening kickoff. Most of the drive was predicated on the ability of the Miami offensive line to shunt aside the Minnesota defenders, especially Middle Linebacker Jeff Semon, who was attacked by a bewildering variety of blockers.

Griese wound up his opening salvo by turning a Minnesota play against the Vikings. With a first and goal on the Minnesota five-yard line, he forsook power for finesse. The two excellent Dolphin guards—Bob Kuechenberg and Larry Little—pulled and took off in tandem to their right. The Viking line, keying on the guards and reading sweep, went with them and Griese handed the ball to Larry Csonka (*see cover*), who ambled through the hole created by the absence of Minnesota's left tackle, Gary Larsen. It was a clever call and a clearly performed play and it was archetypal of the way the Dolphins executed their appointed tasks—and their opponents—throughout the chill, foggy afternoon.

When the Vikings took over following the Miami touchdown, they ran three ineffectual plays, had to punt and the Dolphins sliced them up again, using 10 plays to go 56 yards at an expenditure of five minutes and 46 seconds. This time Jim Klick thrust over from the one.

Griese threw two passes in each of the

continued

Oscar Reed (32) lost a fumble at the Miami six and Minnesota lost its finest chance.



DAY OF THE DOLPHINS

*didn't squeak by the Vikings but roared over them in
their second straight Super Bowl* by **TEX MAULE**



drives. The Miami game plan was not based on throwing the ball; it was founded primarily on clearing out the middle of the Minnesota defensive line and handing the ball to Csonka. Given a Csonka to lug the ball 33 times and rumble for 145 yards, it made a lot of sense.

Griese threw only seven passes, completing six, all but one of them in the first half. With the Dolphins holding a 17-0 halftime lead—Garo Yepremian kicked a 28-yard field goal, to boot—they didn't need to pass. But the one time Griese put the ball in the air in the second half doomed any chance the Vikings had of winning. This came early in the third period, on third and five from the Viking 38, when Minnesota seemed to be stiffening a bit. The pass went to Paul Warfield as the Dolphins' All-Pro wide receiver fled down the left sideline, kicking past Bobby Bryant to make a diving fingertip catch. The play covered 27 yards, put Miami on the Viking 11 and set up the touchdowns that took the game out of reach. Csonka—who else?—scored it by running over some Minnesota people from the two.

Although the Vikings were thoroughly outperformed by a team that on this day deserved to rank among the top two or three clubs ever to play the game, there are a few things to be said in mitigation of Minnesota's showing.

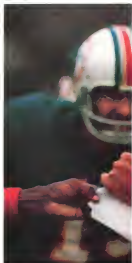
Before the game a panel of spiritualists



and mediums had unanimously predicted the Vikings would win because all the planets in Coach Bud Grant's birth line were in a favorable position. The mediums certainly did not get the message. Each time Minnesota showed signs of making a game of it, the planets evidently careened out of alignment. Late in the first half, with a yard to go for a first down and six for a touchdown, Oscar Reed was stopped for no gain, fumbled and the Dolphins recovered. Viking John Gilliam returned the second-half kickoff 65 yards to the Miami 34, but a clipping penalty on Tight End Stu Voigt brought the ball all the way back to the Minnesota 11-yard line.

On the third-period drive that put Miami ahead by 24 points, the Vikings, on a third and four, surged through the Dol-

Tarkenton completed a record 18 passes and got the Vikings' only score on this keeper.





Miami's Larry Little gives Jim Marshall the flip as Mercury Morris shifts into high gear.



phen line, dropping Mercury Morris for an eight-yard loss and apparently setting up a field-goal attempt. But Minnesota was assessed with a rare defensive holding penalty, giving Miami a first down on the Minnesota eight. Csonka scored two plays later.

Then in the fourth period, when the Vikings for the first time generated a drive on Tarkenton's nifty passing and scored a touchdown on Tarkenton's nifty four-yard run to make it 24-7 with nearly 12 minutes to play, they ran into more bad planetary confluence. They recovered an onside kick that would have put them in position for another score but Reserve Linebacker Ron Porter was offside and Minnesota had to kick off again from its 35. This time the ball was run back to the Miami 34. The Vikings held, but Larry Seiple's long punt bounced straight up and died on the Viking three-yard line, where it was downed. At this lugubrious point a Minneapolis sportswriter threw his pencil on the floor and tore up his notebook.

After the game, Viking Coach Bud Grant abandoned his accustomed calm, too. Asked by a reporter to compare Miami to the Green Bay teams of the mid-'60s, he snapped, "You're the analyst. You figure it out."

In a quieter mood, he said, "I knew we were in trouble after their first drive. They didn't do anything we didn't expect. They ran the plays we saw in the movies and they blocked well. They did the things that got them here, we didn't."

Then Grant brought up what was probably the decisive factor in the game. "They controlled the line of scrimmage both ways. There's no secrecy about this thing. They blocked well and they tackled well. If you don't do that, you're in trouble."

Csonka, who got a game ball, emerged from the Super Bowl tired and battered. After his 33rd carry, with 1:18 remaining, he slowly rose to his feet and staggered to the huddle. Shula took him out, to a great ovation. Sitting limply before his locker, Csonka seemed totally exhausted. "We took advantage of their aggression," he said. "They stunted themselves out of the play several times. On my touchdown on the first drive I started wide, then looked for a place to

continued

Sprinting downfield with a pass, Ed Marinaro couldn't lose his shirt when the need arose.

cut back. They went with the guards and left me a big hole to cut back through."

Even on the plays in which no misdirection was involved, Csonka was getting yardage. "The offensive line was fantastic," Shula said. "We tried to go inside and outside against Siemon and it worked. Csonka's first touchdown was an example. It was on a play called Roll Right, Trap Left."

In the huddle Griese often asked Csonka what he would like him to call. This touchdown play was such a request. "Griese asked me what I wanted," Csonka related. "I said X block to the left and the Roll Right, Trap Left. We proceeded to run that play into the ground. But it wasn't the plays. I can't say enough about my offensive line. You hear about second effort, but second effort doesn't count unless you get that first shot through the line and that's what they give me. You read about me saying I like to run over people, but that's not true. Sometimes it works out that way, but if you look I'm sliding off a lot of tackles because the line has cleared people out so they don't get a clean shot."

Early in the game, as the Vikings began to feel that this was not to be their day, Linebacker Wally Hilgenberg hit Csonka after a play had been whistled dead. Csonka was cut on the forehead and came out briefly, but he was philosophical about it afterward. "I don't know who it was," he said, "but he did it right out in the open, because he was frustrated. It was a cheap shot, but I guess you would have to say it was a clean cheap shot. He didn't try to hide it."

Csonka agreed with Grant that Miami's impressive opening touchdown drive established the tone and the tempo of the entire game. "Scoring first means a lot," he said. "What it does is establish the supremacy of your offensive line. In the old days the offensive linemen were regarded as the animals of pro football. Now they are getting to be the intellectuals. And ours are the best."

Certainly they dominated Super Bowl VIII. The famed Viking from four, the Purple People Eaters (meekly attired in white), barely nibbled at the Dolphin rushers and sacked Griese only once. Playing against an offense that in effect telegraphed its punch, the Vikings gave up 196 yards on the ground. There were several obvious mismatches in the line, but perhaps the most glaring was Dolphin Guard Larry Little blocking on Lar-

sen, who has been the Viking bastion against the run. On pure power blocks—those in which the guard takes the tackle head on and moves him back or to one side—Little almost always controlled Larsen. And on more sophisticated blocking assignments, the Miami guards neatly trapped the Viking tackles and ends. It is doubtful that an offensive line ever played better with a championship at stake.

Kuechenberg, an underrated player whose father once earned his living by being shot out of a cannon, efficiently handled the renowned Alan Page. The few times Griese threw the ball, Kuechenberg protected well and on the numerous occasions when Csonka trundled through the Viking line, he screened Page away from the play. Late in the game Page, in a fit of frustration, flattened Griese long after he had handed the ball off, drawing a 15-yard roughness penalty. Kuechenberg challenged him, but the fight was quickly broken up.

"When the quarterback bootlegs with his back toward you, you have a split second to determine if he still has the ball," Page explained. "When in doubt, you hit him."

"You can understand why he felt the way he did," Kuechenberg said. "This is a big one to lose."

The Dolphin defense had a great deal to do with the loss, too. Although getting a surprisingly strong rush from what was essentially a three-man line, Tarkenton completed a Super Bowl-record 18 of 28 passes for 166 yards and had only one interception, yet the Vikings mounted but two serious drives.

Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti pointed up the difficulties Minnesota faced. "They moved the ball pretty good on us in the second half, but you've got to realize that to get a touchdown against us a team has to earn it all the way. They have got to take it down the field without making one mistake. We make them pay for mistakes."

Viking Offensive Tackle Grady Alderman approached the same problem from the other side of the scrimmage line. "Before the game I thought about what we had to do offensively," he said. "We had to play an error-free game. Not fumbling, not throwing interceptions and, when you've got a chance for a completion, not dropping the ball. And I knew we couldn't afford any penalties."

The Vikings had only two turnovers,

Tarkenton's interception and Reed's fumble. But Miami tied a Super Bowl record, getting four first downs on penalties, two of which kept scoring drives going. The Dolphins were penalized only once all day—four yards for pass interference. The Vikings were penalized seven times for 65 yards.

Tarkenton, who played well, more or less summed it up. Beleaguered by reporters after the game, he seemed almost jovial in defeat. Asked to compare the Dolphins with the Packers who won Super Bowls back to back just as Miami has done, he said, "You can certainly compare them. I've never seen the Dolphins play as well as they did today, and just about every bounce went their way."

Even the most fanatic adherent of the old NFL must admit that this Dolphin team rates as pro football's best in recent years. It has magnificent young personnel and its coaching is impeccable. Miami also has an unnatural resource common to all championship teams—one charismatic player who has the ability, under pressure, to produce up to and beyond his normal capability. For the Dolphins he is Larry Csonka.

Asked to compare Csonka with other stellar fullbacks, Tarkenton said, "You know, Mr. Csonka was not bad today. He played as well as a fullback can. In all my years I've never seen any fullback play any better than he did, but that's kind of normal for him."

Unfortunately for the rest of the NFL, Mr. Csonka is only 27 years old. He has a lot of normal—and abnormal—games left in him. Tarkenton will soon be 34, a young 34, but he had rather cold consolation after the Super Bowl.

Bill Johnson, the Cincinnati Bengals' offensive line coach, made an observation about statistics before the game. Tarkenton's stats were very good, but Johnson was very right when he said, "Statistics are a slave. You rub them on your wounds after you lose and you feel a little better."

Csonka was not quite as perceptive about statistics. Before the game he said, "I guarantee you the Vikings won't look like a team that's 23rd in the league against the rush after the Super Bowl."

That's exactly what they did look like.

END

Shula was as impressive as ever but his Dolphins were charged with Lombardi emotion.



TRYING HARDEST, BUT STILL SECOND

No team is more zealous than the Chicago Bulls, but it is their fate to be in the same division as the No. 1 Milwaukee Bucks by **PETER CARRY**

For the opening 1:04 of the fourth period last Saturday night, events turned briefly Chicago's way. Norm Van Lier, kneecaps and elbows covered with a half a season's worth of bumps and burns from hitting the floor in pursuit of loose balls, began the quarter with a jumper that cut Milwaukee's lead to 67-63. Ten seconds later he intercepted a Buck pass, was tripped and converted both free throws. Milwaukee 67-65. Fourteen seconds after that he trapped Lucius Allen in a corner and harassed

him into dribbling out of bounds. Chicago came downcourt with a chance to tie, but when Howard Porter's open, 10-foot baseline shot went in and out, Bull Bob Love fouled Cornell Warner as they struggled for the rebound. Warner made both penalty shots and the Bucks had survived. Milwaukee's lead soon ballooned back to 101 points and the Bucks coasted to a 101-82 win in the first game of an unusual back-to-back, home-and-home series between the monsters of the NBA's Midwest Division.

Milwaukee's defense, No. 2 last season, is even steeper, as Chicago's Walter Lee attest.



As the teams headed the 90 miles up I-94 to Milwaukee and the next installment of the rivalry that has supplanted the Bears vs. Packers for excellence, excitement and good, old-fashioned Midwestern body contact, Van Lier's one-man rally stood out as a reminder that the Bulls are again caught on the horns of a familiar dilemma. With Stormin' Norman and his regular backcourt partner Jerry Sloan (who, like Buck Oscar Robertson, missed both games with an injury) aggressively in the fore, Chicago annually suffers more contusions, drives for more stray balls and executes more plays with precision than any other NBA team.

The Bulls have the third-best record (31-17) in the pros and are on their way to a fourth straight 30-victory season, but that tends to heighten rather than diminish their frustration. For all its success, Chicago remains unacclaimed largely because no matter how hard it tries it always falls a shot or two shy of being able to overcome a nasty fact of geography: the presence of the Bucks up the road.

In the 3½ seasons since the NBA shifted to a four-division alignment, the Bulls have won more games than all but three teams—more, for example, than the renowned Knicks. Alas, during the same period the Bucks have won more than anybody except the Globetrotters. Milwaukee is the only team in NBA history to win 60 games or more three seasons running, and with a 35-10 record so far this year it seems sure to make it four in a row. As far as hoop in the Loop is concerned, that adds up to three consecutive second-place finishes in the Midwest, with another almost assured. After Milwaukee won Sunday, 124-94, the Bulls trailed the Bucks by 5½ games.

While Chicago Coach Dick Motta has gained a well-deserved reputation as a masterly tactician and motivator of men, Milwaukee's meticulous Larry Costello has merely taken over as the winningest pro basketball coach ever. Hang on to your cigars. Red Auerbach exists, but Costy is currently smoking him in career winning percentage, .677 to .662.

The main reason for the Bucks' success has been, of course, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, who is nothing less than the best pro player. Never selfish in the past, Abdul-Jabbar has become even more generous this season, shooting less, scoring fewer points (25.5 ppg, down from 30.2 in 1972-73) and passing off more frequently to cutting teammates from his

high vantage point in the low post. When he does fire, he has a wider array of shots at his command. The conventional defense against Abdul-Jabbar has been to block him from curling from the left side of the lane into the middle for his deadly sky hook, thereby forcing him to take turnaround jumpers or to abandon the left post for the right, from which he shoots the hook with less accuracy. In the game at Chicago, the obsolescence of that thinking was clear. Of his nine baskets, Abdul-Jabbar made only one from the left, and that a jumper. He also has added flexibility to his defensive game, wandering farther and more fervently afield to help the Bucks cut their defensive average by almost a point per game. That is no mean feat since Milwaukee was second in the league last season, allowing an average of 99 points.

The Bulls make it almost a fetish to announce that they have no one remotely the equal of Abdul-Jabbar or Robertson. "We don't have any guys who are the super-super types," says Chet Walker, who is certainly doubly super himself when it comes to one-on-one moves. What the Chicago players are really saying is that they do not have the dominating center usually required to win. Instead, Motta deploys three different big men according to the exigencies of the moment.

Love (21.6) and Walker (21.3) do most of the scoring in Motta's exacting, pattern offense, but it is Sloan and Van Lier who are the heart of his team. They hold some archaic notions on how the game should be played—such as not worrying about what will happen to next season's \$100,000 salary if they are maimed taking the offensive charge. "Neither Jerry nor I are particularly talented," says Van Lier, ignoring his unusual quickness, which makes him a fine penetrating guard. "We stay in the lineup by making the plays that don't require talent, like standing in the way of guys to pick up fouls and digging on defense."

Milwaukee's lofty talents, Chicago's lowdown omeriness and the proximity of the two teams both geographically and competitively have turned recent Bucks-Bulls games into rousing affairs. Up to last week they had played 19 times since becoming members of the same division and 12 of the games were decided by eight points or less. The Bucks won 13 of the 19, but that edge has dampened neither the spirits of the participants, whose en-



Abdul-Jabbar, here dumping the ball off to Curtis Perry, is passing more and shooting less

thusiasm had led to 30 technical fouls, nor that of Chicago fans, who ordinarily are noted for their absenteeism. An average of 16,699 has attended Buck games at Chicago, including the record crowd of 19,500, 2,126 over capacity.

The early arrivals among last Saturday's mob of 18,897 had already started to congregate when the Bucks' bus pulled up to Chicago Stadium and Allen awoke from a nap that had begun when he boarded two hours earlier.

"Get some good zees, Loosh?"

"Just resting my mind."

"Getting ready for all those screaming people, huh?"

"No, just for Stormin' Norman."

Allen, it turned out, was more than ready. In concert with his old UCLA teammate, Abdul-Jabbar, he led the Bucks with 24 points. Abdul-Jabbar's work was done early—and most of it was defensive. In the first quarter, as the Milwaukee forwards denied Walker and Love their favorite spots along the baseline, forcing them toward the middle for their shots, Abdul-Jabbar distinctly intimidated seven Chicago field-goal attempts. Walker and Love were rarely heard from thereafter, and they shot

a nervous eight for 33 between them.

Only penetration by Van Lier could have disrupted Milwaukee's firm inner defense, but while Abdul-Jabbar worked inside, Allen was busy outside. He played Van Lier closer than he had in the past to keep from being picked whenever Norman stormed to the hoop. Despite his fourth-quarter burst Van Lier got only eight points and was rarely able to penetrate the lane to stir up trouble.

In Sunday's rout the Buck defense and Allen's sparkling play were again the keys. Three straight jumpers by Allen sent Milwaukee to a 10-point lead in the opening period, and an extraordinary 2:41 streak midway through the third quarter clinched it. Milwaukee made seven consecutive shots—six of them long, fast-break jumpers split between Allen and Jon McGlocklin—while holding the Bulls to five futile attempts from far outside. Before the end of the period, in which Allen also had seven assists, the Bucks had a 31-point margin and they walked home.

"They were coming in waves," said Van Lier. "And two days of Lucius is enough. I'll tell you, these guys are frustrating." So is being No. 2.

END



This much is certain: there are no yesterdays in New York; it is a town without attics. Only the old remember, and they do not seem to count for much, either. For this is a city that obliterates time, and only the now matters: the new face, the new place, the new phrase, the briefest craze. Living there, as once was suggested, is like improvising the concerto of one's life on a violin, the strings of which are fastened only at one end.

Yet—like a sad spring fog suddenly in from the East River—the past does sometimes brush up against all of this white-hot immediacy, although should one reach out to touch it, he would find a special-effects machine, the stomp of mar-

keting or Joe Frazier vs. Muhammad Ali in the second Fight of the Century on Jan. 28 in Madison Square Garden.

No labels, cosmic or otherwise, will bring back what was surely one of New York's most dramatic moments when Frazier met Ali in 1971. All the junk handbills and the electric-colored placards will never reproduce the equation to match that one: two undefeated heavyweight champions in a \$20 million sorting out of a title that aroused the passions of even those who were indifferent to the boxing ring, it was theater on a grand scale, it was NOW at its most combustible.

The components of their styles were

compelling. Here was Ali: pure silk . . . the superman finally at bay. "Speed," Sonny Liston once snorted. "How fast he go? He faster'n the wind? He kiss a bullet? He run through hell in a gasoline sport coat and live to talk about it?" And here was Frazier: a cheerful masochist whose work in the ring had a cumulative, percussive urgency, a mounting, destructive rhythm. "I like to hit guys and see their knees tremble," he used to say. "I like to feel my strength and go for broke."

The action did not disappoint. Even in retrospect it does not diminish, nor does it need embellishment. From the opening round—and except for several

SCENARIO OF PRIDE—AND DECLINE

Joe Frazier and Muhammad Ali try to re-create the roles they played in their dramatic first encounter three years ago. Alas, something is missing, though not the determination that has characterized both **by MARK KRAM**

In training, Frazier has labored to cultivate a streak of meanness while Ali has shown signs of vulnerability and awareness of danger.

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LEFFER

peculiar antics by Ali designed to steal time—it was undistilled fury, two big men engaged in the kind of violence that chilled the body, then left it damp and limp. In the end, the murderous fluency of Frazier's left hand achieved its conclusion: the messianic aura of Ali was no more.

Scenarios of this sort are rare, and not much of what was will be visible when Frazier and Ali come together again. For this will largely be a script of pride, profit and decline, two men on a precipice, and possibly only one will pick up the remnants of his talent and go on. It still will be a special New York night, but none of the flaming emotions, the social consciousness, the vise of expectation that steadily closed in on them the first time will attend this return. The metaphysicians and the makers of myth will all be out to lunch for this one.

Neither, it has been shown, is divinely insulated against calamity, and right there is a deficiency not tolerated by those who must yap at the heels of excess. Frazier, of course, never did believe he was descended from the gods; he seemed always to have a field hand's view of himself and his work. On the other hand, Ali, who dreams himself anew each morning, believes he is a religion unto himself. Each time he steps into a ring he is dead certain that there is, say, some old Sherpa up in the Himalayas praying for him and waiting eagerly for the news.

Ali still addresses mankind, but something has gone out of him. There is a vulnerability about him now, and not because of his deeply stained talent. Looking at him, one gathers that there is a sense of imminent danger in him, that something is on his trail and he cannot shake it. Often, after one of his long and, by this time, dull monologues about "blue-eyed, blond white devils" and the face of Joe Frazier—"ugly, so ugly"—he seems to become strangely silent.

Ask him what is on his mind, and he will try to take you on another tour of his camp, or he will rhapsodize about the "strength of rocks," the virtues of log-cabin life. Ask him again what he often thinks about these days and he replies quietly: "Age. Things gone. People dyin'. People bein' born. Don't know

continued



what it all means." Then he will go running through his lines again, hitting on Frazier with racial invective—"he not black, he white"—bashing out at how unsightly a fighter he is. "You know he got no sense. You hurt his feelin' if you don't hit him up alongside his head."

Ali likes to create the impression that he bears nothing but malice for Frazier, but that is far from what he truly feels. He is incapable of hate or genuine meanness, and what he says does not come from the heart. It is aimed at his public, those who will fatten the closed-circuit receipts. Like this bit of doggerel: Save all your bread/Your ones and your fives/Ali's comin' back/To end all the yive. But the words—as they always have—sting Frazier, intrude on his generally benign disposition.

He was quite hurt and hearing a trembling rage following the press luncheon announcing the bout. It was similar to the feeling he had when Ali came down to North Philadelphia before their first fight. When Ali left the gym where Frazier trained, close to 2,000 people followed him into Fairmount Park. "He says he's the champ," said Ali. "Well, let him prove it here in the ghetto."

Frazier did not go with Ali to the park, but the incident left its mark on him. He was being made to look the fool once again, the ghetto people—like most all others—are impressed by the appearance of things. The encounter at the recent press luncheon was somewhat the same. Once more Ali mercilessly lured the pride of Frazier with the same material: the quality of Frazier's blackness, white man's luckey, on and on he went. It was the kind of flap that only an incomparable dummy would believe, or even listen to anymore, for Joe Frazier is never far from the hell of his people.

Riding home after Ali's fusillade, Frazier turned, his voice quivering, and said: "Look at this, well ya, and tell me if I'm color blind." He rolled up his sleeve, moved his hand across his face. "Now, is that black? Why, he don't have a black spot on him." Then Joe fell silent, opening up only once more during the drive to say: "Why, just look where we both train. He up there with the bears and I'm down here with the people. Shoot, he don't know nuthin' 'bout any ghetto. How many tickets he gonna give to people in the ghetto?"

Frazier's gym is smack in the fire of North Philly, a place of flash violence and

numbing deprivation. The gym is lavish, complete with a secretary, wall-to-wall carpeting, lots of baby-blue phones. A former ballroom, it has to rank as one of the better facilities in which a fighter ever trained. The proprietor, Joe himself, is not as effusive about his place as Ali is about his mountain, but that is not his way; he could train in a palace and it still would be only a shop in which he must work. This is where he has been cruelly flogging himself since October, and this was where not long ago a small exchange with a detective told maybe all there is to know about Joe Frazier.

"Joe," said the detective, "I think we got a good lead on who robbed the gym the other night."

"Uh-huh," said Joe. "Who was it?" "We think it was a friend of yours. Fellow in a quilt jacket. Always been around the gym. You know him, right?"

"Yeah, I gotcha," said Joe. "We'll pick 'em up."

"No, leave 'em be," said Joe. "Jis drop it."

"All right, Joe, if that's the way you want it. It's dropped."

"Yeah, thank you," said Frazier. "Don't hurt anybody. Can't go around hurtin' anybody."

Frazier then took a long drink of ice water and let his hard body drop into deep relaxation. "These are like old times, real old times," he said. "I enjoy runnin', enjoy hittin' people in the gym every day." That much was evident as he worked eight furious rounds, "throwin' and catchin' all the way." This, too, was obvious. Frazier never alludes to retirement. Once it was always on his mind and he would often recite a litany of miseries: "People look and say, 'My, my, look at that boy, he has a \$125,000 house, a motorcycle, big cars.' But nobody thinks of the aggravation, people don't know 'bout the gym and the rooms with walls just lookin' back at you."

Now he acts like a man who has lost something he thought he did not love, only to discover soon afterward that he did truly care. Frazier desperately wants his title back, and most of all he wants to erase the heavy rumors that he is a sick man, the whispers that suggest he was ruined by the punishment dealt to him by Ali, or that the vision in his right eye is severely impaired. "I can't remember when I been in better shape," he said, "and I kin give a whole list of doctors who'll say the same thing."

His body seems to bear out his optimism as well as the volume of his punches, once the most thrilling part of his brilliance. Down to a hard 210 pounds, Frazier seems to be working on himself like a man hammering a strip of hot steel. There is a dark storm of meanness gathering in him, and it is completely real and unassured. The winds of discredit and rhetoric will not blow it away. In the practice ring there is still a jungle quality to his work, but something of the student is in him, too. He is concentrating on the hard and tiresome details: position, balance, six-punch combinations vitally placed, and that shocking right hand that used to set up his evil hook.

"We're doin' nothin' new," says his tutor, Eddie Futch. "Just tryin' to do the old things well again. Tryin' to get him down more, so he nullifies the other guy's height and can slip that jab a lot easier."

Futch is not a new figure in Frazier's camp. He has always helped to prepare Frazier, but now he has much more of a say in Joe's career. The old voice, always mellifluous and cool, is gone now. Yank Durham, a welder in a railroad yard who took a fat boy from a slaughterhouse to a world neither of them could have conceived of, died recently. Charm and cunning were Durham's strong suits, and he thought of Frazier as his son. Like all sons, Frazier would bridle occasionally, though not for long. As unsons between fighters and managers go—classically abrasive to both parties—this one was a model of justice and uncommon respect.

With Futch, Frazier remains in good hands. Others may get more publicity, but the little trainer has no peer as a technician and strategist in the general orchestration of whatever talent a fighter may have. All one has to do is look to Ken Norton to see the touch of Eddie; once considered a desultory journeyman, Norton finally joined the elite of the division, and promptly fired Futch, an action that baffles Frazier. "He some thick," says Joe who, better than anyone, knows the value of Futch. Futch seems to have gotten Frazier back on key again. "Joe's been a troubled man, even long before the George Foreman fight," says a friend, without elaborating.

Why, one wonders? He has always seemed mentally sturdy. Could it have been his growingly confused thoughts about the ring, the pressure from his wife to retire? Or was it the moves of Durham, who vaguely conveyed more than

continued

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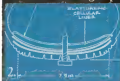
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once that he would sooner quit than see his fighter hurt, who felt that Frazier had his money and did not need the pain anymore? Eventually, Frazier had to overrule Yank in the matter of whether he should fight Foreman. No one really knows, and yet Durham's guarded apprehensions must still linger in any mind looking at this fight.

The question is, then: what toll on Frazier have all those wicked head shots taken? He has fought one fight since Foreman, and that was against Joe Bugner, whom Ali worked listlessly across 12 rounds. In the bout with Bugner, Joe was not unimpressive. He was physical. He was out for the hunt. Then, during the 10th, 11th and 12th rounds—the frames in a fight when he had always been notoriously cruel—he had nothing left. A good puncher should have put the Englishman away. Even so, Quarry, who has fought both Ali and Frazier, has no doubt about the outcome.

"I'll be surprised to see Frazier let him go past eight rounds," he says. "Ali is shot. I'd like to have Frazier back, now, too."

It is not a stroke of gifted perception to note that the decline in both has been sharp. The fights with Norton removed any doubts about Ali. It is only Frazier who remains the puzzle here. It is not a question of whether he has slipped—but how far has his talent been eroded? In view of this, the humanitarians among us cannot understand the purpose of the bout at all. The money—\$850,000 each? Well, that may mean more to Ali than Frazier; Joe is a wealthy man, thanks to the direction of his syndicate, Cloverly.

Thus, it is pride that is the force behind this rematch, and those who denigrate it should consider that two flawed masterpieces are better than no genius at all. As for Ali, he does not want to part with the universal attention he hungers for, cannot imagine a life without his constantly articulated fantasy that when he puts his invincible self on the line, the world holds its breath. On the other side, Frazier is a lover gone wrong, a man who had the prize of his craft and abused it by his indifference. He wants it back badly—that and the final word with those who listened when Ali tried to steal their first fight through the press and on television. But the trouble is old lovers seldom make it back, and invincible is a word that no one hears anymore. There are no yesterdays in New York. **END**

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A LATE START, AN EARLY FINISH

Steve Williams, a lyrical young man, has run a world-record-equaling 9.1 despite making half a second's worth of mistakes

by KENNY MOORE

The San Diego State University rubber-asphalt track, suffering an advanced case of vulcanization, is no more soothing to a sprinter's feet than neighboring Montezuma Road. Steve Williams, co-world-record holder in the 100-yard dash at 9.1 seconds and a worthy claimant to the title World's Fastest Human, therefore conducted much of his training this past autumn on a nearby field, where he was shaded a bit by pines and aromatic eucalypts and entertained at times by the Aztecs' marching band, whose brassy show tunes seemed to underscore in soap-opera fashion his lyrical soliloquy:

What good is sitting alone in your room . . . ?

"The nerves, the fits, the vomiting before races I've never had, even in the biggest events. In Minsk last summer, the stadium filled with Russians, morbid, pale, *android*, all staring down on us, I was on my knees, getting ready for the anchor leg of the 400-meter relay. I peeked through my armpit and caught Borzov behind me, looking. Double Olympic champion and he was sizing me up like a woman. I laughed. I went to all fours and busted up, pounding my hand flat on the track."

Come hear the music play . . .

"Then when we got behind I almost had a heart attack I was so happy. It's so much more fun to catch up and *blow* by rather than just leaving somebody. I got the stick three or four yards behind and in the first 50 meters I was confident. I know you're supposed to be so intent on sprinting that you're not aware of anything else, but I was thinking in complete, well-structured sentences. I was conscious of the crowd screaming, *caring* so much about this one. Borzov looked great. Then when I got up beside him I thought, 'I've been waiting for this moment.' I know it seemed malicious, looking over at him and smiling. I'm sor-

ry for that. It was just me being pleased with me.

"When I went clear of him and hit the tape, that whole stadium hushed up. I could hear my feet on the track, a few of our team whooping. Then the whistles came, like a train. Because I'd watched the Olympics on television I knew whistling was booing in Europe. I couldn't believe it was for Borzov. I thought it was because I looked over when I passed. I figured I'd better get off, in case somebody was going to throw something. I was confused. I left the track, but I was still laughing. Is there any other way to react to that kind of nonsense?"

Life is a cabaret, old chum, come to the cabaret.

Steve Williams was born on Friday, Nov. 13, 1953 and immediately had plaster casts slapped on both legs to correct pigeon toes. When the braces came off after six months, he had energy to burn.

"I was worried about Steven for a while," says his mother, Mrs. Mavis Williams, who keeps a pin she once won in a New York City Police Athletic League 50-yard dash. "I wondered if he wasn't a hyperactive child. But as he got older I enjoyed him. He was never dull; if he got interested in something he'd dig into it and find out everything there was to know about it. In the sixth grade his reading tested at the 10th grade level."

"Oh, I was an imaginative child," says Williams. "A spectacular liar."

"Of course, you could never punish him," says Mrs. Williams. "If you sent him to his room, he could always find something to amuse himself. He could talk to himself for hours."

Mutual punishment, perhaps, was three years of piano lessons.

"My grandfather was a musical genius," says Williams. "My mother thought one of us kids had it and was determined to find out. I didn't have it."



continued



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"He had a fine, light, fast touch," says Mrs. Williams. "He could have done very well." Her tone suggests he has long since been forgiven. "It was too slow for him. He wanted a few lessons and then to be Paderewski."

"I regret not keeping it up," admits Williams. "If I could have sat down and knocked out a little jazz even, that would have been fine. But slow scales, and during prime time, Saturday noon? I had to be in the street."

In the way of all sprinters, Williams was fast from the moment he was broken from his plaster. "I could bust and make it to third," he says. "I was always the first guy downtown, always open for the long pass." He insists that growing up in the South Bronx did not scar him. "A broken wrist, a cracked kneecap from basketball, but no emotional burden. I'd raise my kids the way I was raised. The street was a good proving ground, a constant test. On the subway you sleep, but on eggs, prepared for something to happen. You worry about getting home from school without being mugged. After future shock has killed the rest of the world, New Yorkers will live on and on. When I got out and saw poverty in the Southwest, it wasn't bad by comparison with the South Bronx. In California I find the pace of life, the way people talk, so slow and easy I feel pampered. New York has taken the worry out of me."

But what about those who fail the test? Were there friends who didn't make it?

"Yes."

How many?

"Almost all of them."

Williams took up sprinting with characteristic willfulness. "Track got on my nerves," says Mrs. Williams. "Not to mention mud on the rug. I think Steven was drawn to running because it was an individual thing. He has never liked depending on others." At Evander Childs High School he concentrated on the 220 and 440, not running the 100 until his senior year, 1971, when in five races he improved from 9.7 to 9.4. He graduated with bests of 21.3 and 48.1. In the longer sprints and accepted a scholarship to the University of Texas at El Paso. "I removed myself from temptation," he says.

"I knew if I were going to do one or two things well, such as running and completing a degree, I'd have to get out of the city. The fast life might have been my ticket to inner peace, but it wasn't going to get me a B.A."

Williams selected UTEP because of Wayne Vandenburg, coach, promoter, believer and older brother figure, who put him on a weight-training program and indulged his eccentric desire to run cross-country. In the spring of the Olympic year, Vandenburg turned him loose in as many as eight races per meet.

"That first season he had to have as much rope as he wanted," Vandenburg says now. "He had to have the races against men like Don Quarrie [Jamaican co-holder of the 200-meter world record of 19.8, then running for USC] to really believe he had a shot at the Olympic team." Williams beat Quarrie twice in a dual with SC and recorded times of 9.4, 20.2 and 45.2 before June, which certified his astonishing range, but the volume of competition increased his chances of injury. He pulled a hamstring while running the curve in a 220. In the NCAA championships he stopped after 165 yards of a 400-meter heat and went home disgusted. In the Olympic Trials he finished seventh in his qualifying 200.

"People got on Wayne for running me so hard so early," Williams says, "but it was my fault. I volunteered for most of those races, to win watches or for points. I made three years' worth of mistakes in 1972. I dreamed away a whole semester of school because of Olympic fever and wasn't anything more than a flesh in the pan. I'll never again put all the eggs in one basket."

In the fall Vandenburg was cited by school athletic officials for an inability to reconcile his program's expenditures with his budget and was fired. He began a career in advertising and watched his team, a contender for the national championship, scatter to the winds.

"We were close in a way I don't think many athletes and coaches are," says Williams. "He was self-sustaining in ego. He didn't need us to win to keep his self-respect for him, so we could relate to each other as equals. You should have seen him when he got fired. He bought a new suit and he told us not to worry."

"Anything that happens happens for the best," says Vandenburg. "But, damn it, I miss those kids."

Williams transferred to San Diego State last January on the advice of Olympic high-hurdle champion Red Milburn, whose coach at Southern University, Dick Hill, had recently taken the San Diego post. Hill, a more reserved, private man than Vandenburg, stresses academ-

ics. Williams responded by changing his major to English with a minor in journalism. Last semester his courses were 18th Century Lit., Afro-American Lit., Ancient World Lit. ("Galgamesh is a drag"), 20th Century Jazz, and Ethnicity and Social Competence. The latter he describes as "a study of how belief in a culture can sustain the individual." Shirley Thomas, his ethnicity professor, sees Williams as integrating two cultures. "He's concerned with repudiating the myth of the athlete as nonstudent," she says. "I frankly was startled to discover how young he is. He obviously is sophisticated from the traveling he's done, but more than that he seems intent on keeping things in perspective."

"Sprinters tend to think that what they're doing is going to save the world," says Williams. "I think the best example of getting it all together is Dr. Meriwether. He's got a career to sustain his ego, and he's probably a better sprinter for not feeling that sprinting is all that important. Ego's a dirty word. Like a drinking habit, no one wants to admit to it, but it's there in everybody and if you're successful in more than one field you're going to be a hard man to throw off balance."

Williams balanced his pursuits well last spring, hitting 9.1 for the 100 at the West Coast Relays in Fresno and finishing the semester with a 3.6 grade average. He is further distinguished by being the youngest (19) of those who have run 9.1—Bob Hayes, Harry Jerome, Jim Hines, Charlie Greene and John Carlos share the record with him—and the tallest (6'3"). To boot, in June he became the first sprinter since Ray Norton in 1960 to win both the 100 and 220 in the AAU championships, then was one of only two athletes to survive undefeated in last summer's AAU tour through Europe and Africa.

"Imagine a 6-year-old kid in an adult conversation," he says. "Everything is going over his head. That was me on the 100 starting line. All that psyching by the old European pros was slipping off my back. I was so naive. I just haven't run the 100 that often [six meets in 1972, 11 in '73]. I'm more used to the staggered start in the 220, where you aren't forced to attend to all the nuances of your competitors' behavior. Like some guys wait until you're looking and they demonstrate a start, I mean just blowing out of there, and come swaggering back with a

continued

smug, contented look. Others give you this incredible intense glare, like they're actually trying to *withdraw* speed from you, a real search and seize look. Trouble is the first guy can never duplicate his practice start in the race and the last one is just wishing."

Williams' own start, by now infamous, isn't of much worry to him. "I agree I haven't grooved a consistent one. It's just that being 6'3" I'm so good at catching up that the start isn't very important. I used to throw my blocks down in the 100 and get in them, and if it felt comfortable I was ready. Then after the 9.1 I was suddenly a bona fide sprinter and I had to get a little tape measure and do it right. I still throw them down for the 220, but the point is, look at the limitations of the men who depend on a fast start. If they don't get it, they're dead. And if they do get it, they're at top speed by 50 or 60 yards and what more can they do? It's like a car. What are you going to do when

you're topped out in four? I'm a Porsche. I go to five."

This would be near arrogance if it weren't perfectly true.

"He's the greatest sprinter who ever lived," says Vandenburg. "I've coached in the era of Bob Hayes, Henry Carr and Tommie Smith. This man will be an improvement on them."

Hill, less given to hyperbole, coached Hayes at Florida A&M. "Steve is certainly the first since Bob to display an acceleration you could call awesome," he says. "There is just no telling what his potential may be. However, I think absolute statements are asinine. I won't be shocked if he dips under 9.0, but I sure am not going to predict it."

Hill feels that his efficacy as a coach depends on being candid with his charges at the risk of bruising a tender ego, and Williams agrees. "It's embarrassing to be told you can win over and over and then you finish eighth," he says. "It's like Agnew: 'I won't resign, I won't,' and then he does the opposite. How are you going to believe anything from a guy like that? My confidence has to come from my performances, not the ego stroking of others."

"The only way to protect an athlete's integrity is to state my own concerns," says Hill, who has not coached a year in which one of his runners did not break or tie a world record. "Top sprinters meet far more often than, for example, milers. The role of a sprint coach is to do everything he can to get his man into the frame of mind where he's eager for competition, where he's got what I call rabbit alertness. Now Steve met Borzov last July and handled all the pressures well and blew him off the track and out of the meet. [Valeri Borzov, who was to face Williams in the 200 the day after their relay duel, was withdrawn by his coach, who said, "He has suffered too great a trauma."] But how will he face the pressure when he is the favorite, with people calling him the World's Fastest Human? Being relaxed and naive can serve you, or it can catch you down and feeling flat. Then you lose, and the psychological effect of that first major defeat cannot be measured until it happens. It might be comparable to a boxer suffering concussions. Each time a little more scar tissue forms, which makes him a little slower, a little easier to hit. Getting beat can have the same sort of cumulative effect upon a sprinter's psyche."

In this war of nerves, Williams has the inestimable advantage of being the kicker. "The faster finishing runner is much more stable," says Hill. "Imagine how easy it is for the quick starter to get panicky and press too hard when his mind's eye sees this horse coming at him."

Only once has Williams been skittled off his marks. "I felt ready for a world record 200 in Italy last summer," he recalls. "I had walked all over Torino, but I felt good. Pietro Mennea, the Olympic bronze medalist, had won the 100 [Williams had not run], and as we got set all you could hear was the crowd chanting 'Men-neuh! Men-ne-ah!' I got a little tense, I let him pass me on the turn to be able to see what was going on. Then we locked arms at the top of the stretch, like dumb commuters. I still won, but the screaming got to me."

Can it happen again?

"I doubt it. Where else—except Oregon—would an entire stadium holler one guy's name? And I'm not worried about Steve Prefontaine. No, I was just green, I had to experience it."

Europe experienced Williams just as gingerly. "An Italian reporter asked me who I would be if I had the choice," says Williams. "I said, 'Jimi Hendrix.' It blew his mind." Williams was serious. "Hendrix was a genius in the way his insight transcended guitar playing. I remember talking with students in Dakar before the U.S. versus Africa meet. I had some Hendrix on my cassette player and they found things in him that I hadn't noticed. They were into the revolutionary bag. I'd missed the depth of his irony."

The U.S. team was 10 days in Dakar. "I'd go back tonight," he says. "It was a strange bunch of feelings, being in black Africa, but with such cultural dissonance. They even had different ideas of what beauty was. My relationship with a group of revolutionary students changed when they saw me with a girl who had French blood. They said I'd been brainwashed to white beauty. They called her 'bourgeoise.' They were obsessed with politics. I felt so frivolous beside their seriousness. But did they ever know their politics? I imagine it's because they, rightfully, have more pride in Africa than American blacks have in America."

Could he live there?

"I could, but it would be hard not to be caught up in the middle-class community. They're convinced all Americans

WILLIAMS TUNES IN ON HIS WATER BED



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are rich. The father of that French-African girl was a very wealthy man, and he encouraged her to see me because he was sure that being an American I couldn't possibly be after her money." He rolls his eyes.

Harold Williams, no relation but a 9.3 sprinter himself, and Derrick Phipps accompanied Steve Williams from El Paso to San Diego, where all three live in a ground-floor, stucco-and-tile apartment. "Harold is my best critic," says Steve. "He's seen me run since high school." During 1973 Harold kept a record of every yard Steve covered at top speed in perfect form. "He had 30 good yards in the 9.1," he says, "10 yards in the AAU 100, 30 in the 220, 40 against Borzov. . . ." The total is only 220 yards.

Perhaps during one of those exemplary bursts Williams was traveling faster afoot than any other man has ever managed, but to suggest the possibility is to elicit an expression of weary forbearance. "My thoughts on the World's Fastest Human are just gathering, but even when I wasn't accused of being it, I knew the idea was all wrong. For one thing it's unrealistic. People invested in my talents. Track took me off the streets and gave me coaching, motivation, competition. The odds are a lot of kids could develop the way I did but don't get the chance. But worse than that, the way people use that phrase it seems to have all eternity involved in it. I'm not forever, why use an expression which connotes infinity?"

Williams' speech and scholarly attainments may seem to imply a contemplative spirit. "No way," he says. "I get tense, I get *relaxed* in peace and quiet. I hate libraries. My mind wanders more in quiet than it does in any noise." He studies by rocking gently on his water bed, lowering his book occasionally and closing his eyes, giving himself over to fearful vibrations pounding from his quadraphonic stereo. The windows of his room are covered with aluminum foil.

"I'm a night person," he says. "I do some of my best sprinting on the beach, naked, at one o'clock in the morning." Running in his neighborhood at night, fully clothed, has produced more than one standoff with the San Diego police. "They say there are a lot of burglars in this area, they have to check everyone who looks suspicious. I say, 'I'm wearing the brightest orange sweatshirt in creation. Now if I'd robbed somebody, would I do that?' They kind of stare at

me and wonder if I'd be that dumb—or maybe that smart."

There are sprinters who would consider Williams' Thursday night workouts on the beach aberrant. "I go at a mile-a-minute pace for an 880, then a low-key job until I get my second wind, then some more hard running at about 58 seconds per quarter pace, stopping and spurring, until I can't do much but walk. Then I put my feet in the water and stretch and start back the other way, doing high-knee in the surf and some hard bursts at 440 pace, more knee lifts, then accelerations, sprinting away from the tide. I think that's good for reaction, for moving out when you're tired. I do that during the season, sure, that's how I caught a cold the week I hit the 9.1."

Last fall Williams spent much of his daylight practice under Dick Hill's gun, preparing for what the Yonkers-born coach calls the "board season."

"When Steve came here last year it was most important to hit the books," says Hill. "We discussed the starting techniques best for a tall man, but he wasn't in a situation where he could groove new habits. In competition he went back to his old ways and took care of business any way he could. Now we've had a chance to practice enough so those new responses will be automatic."

Indoors, Williams will find few dashes longer than 60 yards. "He's in the same jungle Hayes was in," says Hill, "and the last thing I want to do is put him in a situation where he'll feel vulnerable, but I honestly don't think he'll be beaten in a 60. His acceleration is great and he's shown outdoors that he can head good fields at 45 or 50 yards. Still, indoors is a necessary evil, a stepping-stone, not an end in itself. The brand-new trip, of course, will be outdoors."

Says Williams, "I don't have plans so much as goals. It would be fine to have the world records in all three sprints [no one ever has], but I can't be specific about when and where. I don't have the faintest idea when I'll break 9 for example, but I am of the opinion it will come, because I am so young and because I made so many mistakes and still did 9.1. Assessing that race as only I can because only I ran it, I'd say I left .2 at the blocks and another .2 at the finish."

Is 8.7 possible?

"Yes, in the sense that Bob Beamon's 29'2½" long jump was possible. With perfect conditions, competition and luck."

But the voice, exhausting running in the Pacific surf or on the roads over San Diego's mesas can have little connection with 100-yard training. "I'm not going to be a pure sprinter very much longer," says Williams. "There is nothing creative in the 100, there is no room for imagination, just mechanics. It's a bore. I try to do something interesting in my races, reacting to the crowd or the other runners [he even looked around at the field while running 9.1] because the demands of the event don't seem to compel my whole attention."

Williams' voice softens and a mildly crazed look flickers in his eye as he speaks of an event that does.

"The 440. A beautifully run quarter mile is a moving experience. It's immaculate, one clean lap with no cutting out of the lanes. You've got to be sprinting, but you've got to be thinking, reacting And it takes a steadiness. You've got to come to grips with the fact that it's going to hurt, and it will hurt the same whether you run it fast or slow. I've come to terms with that. I really want to be a good quarter-mile, I stop my warmup for the 100 in dual meets to watch the quarter. And I think, finally, that's where I'm going to make my best mark."

Part of the reason no athlete has ever held both the 100 and 440 records is that no great century men have ever had Williams' feeling for the long sprint. "I don't want to offend," he says, "but 440 men are mostly sidetracked, frustrated sprinters who have built their stamina. If anyone is going to put that record down under 43 like John Smith [the present record holder at 44.5] has said is possible, he's going to have to be a true, world-record class sprinter. If he's shooting for splits of 21.1-21.7, which is 42.8, that first 21-second 220 just can't be of any consequence to the guy because he's got to come back with another."

Williams' 440 intentions were blessed by Vandenberg, but Dick Hill is not so sure. "All this enthusiasm for the quarter mile is fine," he says, "but the man has proven himself one of the world's great sprinters and in the 440 he's still an unknown quantity." Hill has agreed, however, to enter Williams in some early-season 440s and mile relays.

"One good race," says Williams, with a bow to his coach, "and he'll believe."

"I must admit," says a bemused Hill, "I'm looking forward to seeing how this act is going to be played out."

END



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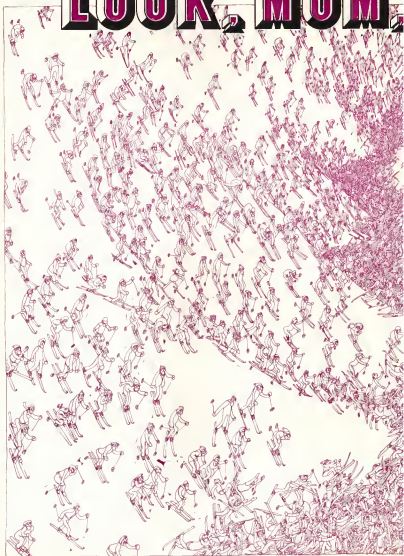
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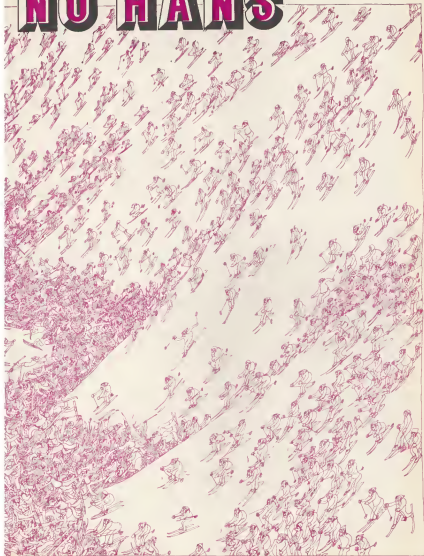
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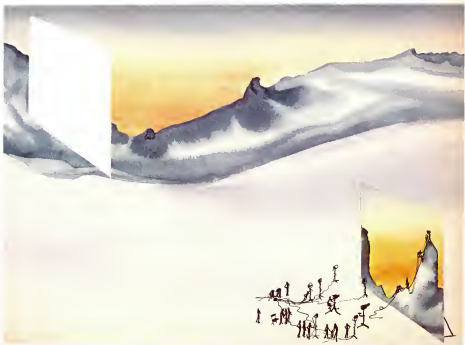
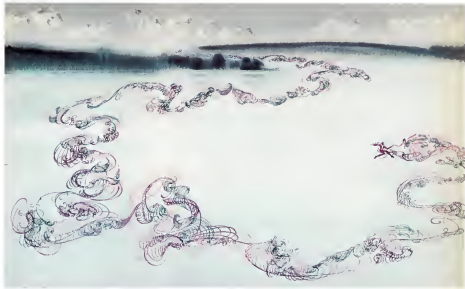
CONTINUED

He's not there, on the opening pages, not here, curlicuing across the snow; nor is Hans-Georg Rauch on the pages that follow. The antic Rauch, Europe's most whimsical penman, set out to do a sketchbook on the Hahnenkamm ski meet. But just racers were not enough.



Rauch came down from the hills with visions all his own. The trick is in deciphering his freestyle view of sports. Why try? Everything becomes clear with the message that accompanied these drawings. "On the way to Kitzbuhel," Hans reports, "my glasses got icy."

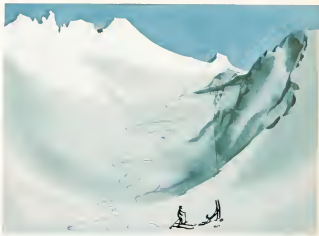




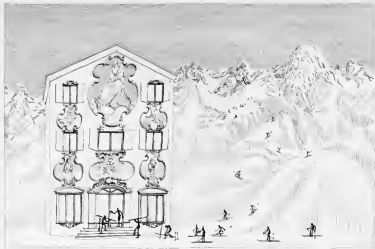




Nobody escapes
Hans: skiers get
their icy lumps and
all ice skaters en-
counter his cutups.







Where else would a Rauch jumper leap but off into limbo? And as for the dancers, they're all so terribly youthful. In fact, it is more like a case of Look, Hans, No Mom!



Stand back, superfans Here comes Ultrafan His name is Loudy—Hurst Loudemlager, to be more formal—and he has been guest of honor at not one but two testimonial dinners given by the Baltimore Colts this winter. The first fete was footed by present players, the second by oldtimers like John Unitas, Tom Motte and Gino Marchetti. What so endears Loudy to the Colts?

1) For the last 20 years he has seen the Colts off every time they left the local airport for a road game and greeted them every time they came back, whether it was 4:30 p.m. or 4:30 a.m. (Well, there was one exception, when Loudy suffered a heart attack back in 1966—and that's certainly excusable.)

2) Loudy doesn't bring just himself. He carries along a portable record player that sends forth the stirring strains of the Colts' *Marching Song*.

3) As former Colt Bill Pellington observes, "If you won 13-12 or lost 57-0, he always had something kind to say."



4) He flies the team pennant on a pole that stands in front of his house.

5) On each player's birthday, Loudy calls up and sings *Happy Birthday* to him, and his wife Flo bakes a walnut cake. So far Flo has baked 323 cakes.

◆ While avoiding the altitude at Bogotá, where the U.S. Davis Cup team was being beaten by the Colombians (page 54), Stan Smith was still up in the mountains. His choice was Steamboat Springs, Colo., where in only his second season he proved a good match for many a more experienced skier.

Merv Rettenmund, traded by the Orioles to the Reds, had some second thoughts after receiving a letter from a young lady in Cincinnati. "Two paragraphs and I was ready to leap in front of a train," Rettenmund says. In that space the girl informed the new Cincinnati that the Reds were cheap, ultraconservative, racist, impatient and wacky-wacky. She didn't mention successful. She further informed Rettenmund that the best he could look forward to was part-time play, and this only if he kept his mouth shut at all times. "I didn't write this same warning to Richie

Shenblum last year," he concluded regretfully, "and the club almost drove him wacky."

Women's Lib-wise, the University of Maryland has come full circle. First, women were declared eligible for male varsity intercollegiate competition, then Terry Schrider made the swimming team as a diver. Now Dorothy McKnight, coordinator of intercollegiate athletics for women at Maryland, wishes Schrider had stayed out. The only way to upgrade women's programs, she says, is to have athletes like Schrider competing against one another. Miss McKnight is sponsoring a measure to bar women from men's teams.

After Bobby Berger, a 46-year-old Philadelphia Phileas Fogg, failed twice in attempts to launch a transatlantic balloon, he suggested that maybe Philadelphians could "scrape up whatever pennies they have and drop them in a sock and put them in a mailbox; I could get off the ground with a couple tons of pennies." Around Christmas-time, and for a craft with an uplifting name like *The Spirit of Men*, that did not seem so unreasonable. Unfortunately, when Berger went to the post of-

fice to pick up his Christmas stockings, he was greeted with unhappy news. There were only four socks. Besides that, postal authorities said they did not fit the legal description of mail, could not be delivered and would be held in the dead-letter office until their senders claimed them. Not even Berger's trial balloons got off the ground.

◆ Here is a fairly typical rower sculling along the Schuylkill on a refreshingly cool morning. The stony stoicism of this oarsman is a little more monumental, however, because he is actually a sculpture of the late John B. Kelly Sr., Philadelphia rowing enthusiast.

Actress Elena Verdugo, who plays the part of a receptionist in Marcus Welby's clinic on television, unwinds after her work before the cameras by playing baseball with some neighborhood kids. They invited her to substitute one day for a no-show and she has been a regular ever since. A baseball nut as a child, the actress sports a crooked finger, dislocated long ago when a baseball hit her in the hand. And what is Dr. Welby doing for that crooked finger?

When Coach Chuck Mills took his Wake Forest football team to Japan to play against two Japanese colleges, he was overwhelmed by the hospitality and politeness. In the first game in Osaka the referee approached a Wake Forest player, bowed low and discreetly murmured that the young man had committed an infraction of the rules. So sorry, the referee said, but the very next time he broke the rule he would have to be penalized 15 yards. When this was reported back to the Deacons' huddle, it seemed to have enormous effect. The team did not receive a penalty during the entire game, winning it 28-3.



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1.



2.



3.



4.

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FIRST GENERATION COLOR TV

Color in the circles in the first diagram.

Do not color the background.

You have just simulated the way the first generation of color TV's reproduced a color image. The colors look weak, soft.

This process was around back in 1956. Unfortunately, many color TV's on the market still use it today.

SECOND GENERATION COLOR TV

Using the same three colors, color in the second diagram.

Compare the two.

The circles in the second diagram are much more colorful. Sharper. Clearer.

The reason? The jet black background.

This process is also being used by many manufacturers today. And while

it may be far superior to generation 1, to a color TV expert it's practically ancient.

THIRD GENERATION COLOR TV

Now we come to the modern way of reproducing a color image. Stripes.

Again, do not color in the background.

Notice how much more color you can get into stripes than circles. Even though the total area of the diagrams is equal.

The colors look brighter. More true-to-life.

This system is the newest method of reproducing a color image most manufacturers have.

But it's not the newest Toshiba has.

TOSHIBA INTRODUCES FOURTH GENERATION COLOR TV

When you color in the fourth diagram, you'll see it has all the advantages of the previous two.

The wealth of color of a stripe.

Plus the sharpness and snap of a black background.

Resulting in the brightest, clearest color television image possible today.

This system was invented by Toshiba. It's called Blackstripe.

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Sore back and a hot hand

Before the dribbling and cheering and probations began, before the games of the century started showing up every week, Bill Walton was a player no one could forget and Larry Fogle was one very few remembered. Now, halfway through the season, what everybody wants to know is: just how bad is West Coast Bill, and how good is East Coast Larry?

Walton hurt his back last week, an occurrence comparable to an attack of the whippers for Glen Campbell, but even without him UCLA continued singing its tune. The injury took place in a game against Washington State when the Bruin center collided with Rich Steele and came crashing to the court. Walton missed UCLA's subsequent weekend victories over California and Stanford, games that raised the team's winning streak (87) to the proximity of Perry Mason's.

When Walton injured his back, first reports were as conflicting as forecasts on the energy crisis. At best, the big center has a deep bruise. At worst, he has torn rib cartilage. His brother Bruce explained the result of the injury, affecting a gimp and tilting his body to the left. "He's like the Leaning Tower of Pisa, just shuffling along," said Bruce.

With Walton shuffling, the Bruins might not have a full deck when they play Notre Dame Saturday in the latest of the series of High Noon dates on each team's schedule. Said Coach John Wooden, "If Bill can't practice Monday and Tuesday, then he will not make the trip to the Midwest. There is no way that I will jeopardize him."

Walton returned to the practice floor

last Thursday, but could barely move around and spent Friday in bed. He is undergoing twice-a-day therapy that includes whirlpool, steam, massage, ultrasound and hot-pack treatments, plus rest.

Even without Walton, the Bruins are formidable. Their weekend victories caused Cal Coach Dick Edwards to remark, "There are more good players on their team than at any time in the last 10 years."

The Bruins, though, were talking about the adjustments they have to make when their center is missing. "We must play defense more heads-up," said Tommy Curtis. "We just can't turn a guy loose and let Bill get him. He's too far away when he's in bed."

For Wooden, the adjustment is not all that drastic. "Before each game this year I've told our team to play as though Bill were not there," he said. "Now that he is not there, they have to play that much harder."

Larry Fogle, meanwhile, was doing a little backbreaking of his own. The nation's leading scorer at 38.2 points per game, he got off to a slow start against Niagara, but once he found his timing he scored 41 points and led Canisius to an 88-84 overtime victory. Fogle started as a freshman last year for the Southwestern Louisiana team that went to the semifinals of the Midwest regional before losing to Kansas State. A 6'5" forward, he averaged only 15 points a game on a team that had the nation's sixth leading scorer, Dwight Lamar, but he hit 56% of his shots, and over Southwestern's last half a dozen regular-season games he made 75% of his field-goal tries and averaged close to 20 points.

When SWL was put on probation for various violations by the NCAA and subsequently dropped basketball, its players were given the option of transferring to another school. Fogle, from New York City, chose Canisius in Buffalo where Charles Jordan, a friend from high school, was a member of the team. "Houston, Tennessee, Austin Peay and UCLA called me," recalls Fogle. "I was all set to go to Houston, but the day before I went to sign there Jordan called and told me what I'd be missing. I like it here, even if Buffalo isn't the warmest place in the world."

The Canisius-Niagara game was delayed 20 minutes for dedication ceremo-

nies of the city of Niagara Falls' \$35 million International Convention Center. Perhaps bothered by the stall, Fogle did not score a point during the first six minutes and picked up three fouls, but in the second half he funneled in 31 points, including 12 of his team's last 16, sending the game into overtime with a layup in the final half minute. "I was a little tight the first half," he said. "I felt I was getting out of hand and so was the team."

Two Niagara players fouled out trying to keep up with Fogle. "He didn't dominate until we had our top guys on the bench," said losing Coach Frank Layden. "The refs protect the nation's leading scorer."

Back in California, the nation's leading player might have rubbed his sore back—in sympathy.

THE WEEK

by KENT HANNON

EAST With its NCAA tournament life on the line at St. John's, Syracuse won a foul-shooting contest in the last minute and a half and narrowly avoided a third consecutive loss 72-71. The Orange trailed 62-60 when Guard Dennis DuVal made a jump shot and then moments later hit with a three-point play to lift Syracuse to a 67-63 advantage. DuVal, 11 for 20 for the night, had been 5 for 20 against Connecticut earlier in the week as Syracuse lost at home 61-60, its first home defeat in 37 games.

Penn has a weapon that is getting pretty familiar, Guard John Becroft. Trailng Temple 42-41 in the final seconds, Coach Chuck Daly leaned over, put him on the chin and said, "Stick it, Beek." Becroft followed orders with a 15-footer good for a 43-42 victory. On Saturday, Becroft stuck another one, this time with one second left, to down Harvard 55-53. Said Becroft, becoming a connoisseur, "It wasn't the kind of picture shot you like to get." Harvard, which has now lost six games by a total of 11 points, also lost to Northwestern, 55-53. Princeton won over Harvard 63-49 and Dartmouth 67-49, and Brown beat Yale 102-70 on the strength of its midget backcourt. Eddie Morris, 5'10", had nine points and 12 assists. Jim Burke, two inches shorter, led all scorers with 24 points.

Providence turned the ball over 30 times against young and inexperienced Villanova,

continued



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but marginal an 87-77 margin in a game with the usual formula. Kevin Suacom, 23 points; Marvin Barnes, 16 rebounds. St. Bonaventure's ice freshman Esie Hollis, a 6' 5" forward, connected for 28 points and 13 rebounds as he personally destroyed visiting Duquesne 84-71. The Dukes, who missed 6' 9" Lionel Billings, sidelined with a sprained ankle for at least another week, probably will miss the postseason tournaments, too. Massachusetts, 9-0, toyed with Boston University's Terriers 82-68, and Pittsburgh downed Duke 62-46.

1. PROVIDENCE (11-9) 2. PENN (8-3)

MIDWEST

Cincinnati's Gale Catlett and Louisville's Denny Cram, supposedly good friends, seemed in no need of additional enemies after Catlett's Bearcats had defeated Cram's Cardinals for the second time this season. Cram was angry because his team had been denied practice time on the home team's floor. He got a small measure of revenge when the Cardinals were awarded a pregame free throw because Cincinnati's Mike Franklin had dunked during warmups. In return, that dunked Catlett, who claimed Cram had gone to the officials requesting the technical call. "Tell Denny to run his program and I'll run mine," said Catlett, threatening to walk away from a postgame interview after Cincinnati's 77-70 win. Otherwise, Louisville kept pace in the Missouri Valley race by beating Drake 87-82, while New Mexico State, 3-0 in the conference, dealt an 80-75 knockout blow to Tulsa.

Indiana slipped by Wisconsin 52-51, marking the fourth time in five games that the Badgers have been involved in a one-point decision. Even in defeat, Wisconsin, playing at Indiana, gained some of the stature the Hoosiers continue to lose. Before their game the two schools were tied at 13th in the national rankings. Purdue also looked like a team that could finish atop the Big Ten. The Boilermakers made turnovers their first six times down the floor against Northwestern, yet came back from a 17-2 deficit to win 85-78. John Garrett and Frank Kendrick combined for 42 points against Illinois, losing its 10th consecutive game to Purdue, this time by 91-69. At Minneapolis, Gopher Coach Bill Musselman faired to see the light. Trailing Michigan by seven points with 37 seconds left, Minnesota pulled to within two at 63-63—or so it seemed to Musselman. Actually, the score was 66-63, but a burned-out scoreboard bulb made it appear that the margin was two points. As a result, Pete Gilcud's last-second tip-in for Minnesota sent Gopher fans into a false delirium—and Michigan home with its 10th triumph in 12 games.

"Too many guys are putting their hands on their hips too soon," said Al McGuire,

concerned that his team had grown complacent after being all but alone on campus for a month at semester break. The Warriors broke out of their stupor by drilling San Diego State 90-66 but was so sloppy in edging DePaul 63-59 that McGuire held a closed-door dressing-room session.

If it was too early for returns to mean much in the Big Eight, one thing seemed certain: Oklahoma's prize sophomore, Alvan Adams, will again be voted Player of the Year. He hit the last four Sooner field goals and totaled 27 points in a 65-63 thriller over Kansas State. Missouri waved aloft to Haw-wah and its 11-0 record in a mainland-unwelcome, beating the islanders 86-74 as Al Eberhard and Gary Link combined for 42 points. Notre Dame, girding for Saturday's game with UCLA, jumped out to a Bruinlike 12-0 lead over Xavier and romped home 87-44.

1. NOTRE DAME (8-9) 2. MARQUETTE (10-0)

WEST

It was a bad, bad, bad week for Jerry Tarkanian, the new coach at Nevada-Las Vegas. His Rebels were upset in two West Coast Conference games, at St. Mary's 69-66 and Seattle 82-64, and his old team at Long Beach State was slapped with a three-year probation for violations that in some cases involved him. State President Stephen Horn submitted to the NCAA a resolution that would penalize the previous athletic administration and not the school where the infractions took place.

In a separate action, the NCAA also suspended Long Beach starters Rocco Ponder, a junior, and Glenn McDonald, a senior, for alleged entrance rule infractions. Both players missed the 72-53 beating Long Beach State gave Pacific. But after receiving temporary restraining orders from a federal court judge, they were in on the similar battering of San Jose State 72-57.

Weekend madness in the Western Athletic Conference usually involves a complete revamping of the standings and this one was no exception. New Mexico, 12-0 before the action started, was 12-2 at the end. Ahead by as many as nine points in the second half at Arizona, the Lobos could not prevent the Motown duo, Detroiters Cornel Norman and Eric Money, from zinging in 26 and 24 points respectively. The next night in Tempe they lost again, to Arizona State 80-68. The Sun Devils, who earlier ripped Texas-El Paso 73-52, took second in the conference as angry UTEP whacked Arizona 81-63, holding the Wildcats without a basket for nearly 10 minutes during the second half.

A new star emerged in Los Angeles: USC's Buff Barwell. A substitute, he played a prominent role in two of the Trojans' three Pacific Eight victories.

1. UCLA (10-8) 2. LONG BEACH ST. (10-1)

SOUTH

North Carolina State and Maryland, once again fighting prebills on the Super Bowl card, nearly upstaged the feature attraction before a nationwide TV audience. Amend that. State's David Thompson was a show in himself, scoring 41 points on 14 of 20 shots from here, there and everywhere, grabbing eight rebounds and three steals and on defense holding his men to two points. John Lucas and Tom McMillen had 24 points apiece for Maryland but N.C. State prevailed 80-76. Earlier, the Wolfpack routed Clemson 96-68 and Maryland beat Wake Forest 72-59. North Carolina found trouble on its trip to Clemson. Six of the Tarheels were battling the flu, including starters Darrell Elston and John O'Donnell, and everybody was battling the officials. Carolina finally won 102-90 as seven players fouled out.

In the Southeastern Conference the most exciting game—not to say most bruising—was LSU's 84-81 victory over previously unbeaten Vanderbilt in Baton Rouge. A fight near the end resulted in the ejections of Vandy's Jan van Breda Kolff and LSU's Collis Temple. Alabama beat Tennessee in Knoxville 79-73, giving the Tide a decided edge in the conference's tough home-and-home round robin. "Alabama is definitely the team to beat," Coach Ray Mears said afterward. "If they can always play that brand of inspired basketball, nobody is going to beat them off." Kentucky, which did last season, beat Georgia 80-74 and Auburn 79-58, and Kentucky Coach Joe Hall declared, "We're back in the race." Meanwhile, Mississippi, which never was in a race, even when Johnny Neumann was dropping in his 25-foot bombs, is in one now, with a 9-1 record, 3-0 in the SEC.

A malfunctioning scoreboard had Florida State Coach Hugh Durham embarrassed. The clock on State's gym may have lopped as much as one minute off the game, which officials finished by a stopwatch. Said Durham, whose Seminoles barely hung on to edge fast-climbing Virginia Tech 85-80, "If I were Coach Don DeVoe I'd never bring a team back into this place." Jacksonville, abandoning the deliberate attack prescribed by new Coach Bob Gottlieb, reverted to run-and-gun and blasted South Alabama and its 10-game winning streak 101-83 as Butch Taylor put in 31 points in 29 minutes. Fly Williams, whose absence for two games with a sprained wrist had reduced Austin Peay to an also-ran in the Ohio Valley Conference, proved himself fully recovered by getting 35 points and 15 rebounds during an 89-70 win over Morehead State. Little-noted Mercer University raised its record to 11-2 after defeating E.C.A.C. Holiday Festival champion Manhattan 81-71, which also lost to South Carolina 75-61.

1. N.C. ST. (8-1) 2. MARYLAND (8-2)

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This is Marvin
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Gambling your life away

For anglers in Reno the deadly lure is not the casinos but hezereous Pyramid Lake, which claims more than its share of men—and trout

From San Francisco east into the Sierra the foothills build gradually so that you have a very complete sense of entering the mountains. Then the summit breaks away toward Donner Lake and the Truckee River watershed. Sheer rock walls slice down to the riverbed, so it is surprising when the canyon flares abruptly, opening to meadows and plain. Out there sits the town of Reno.

My mother, who spends a certain amount of her time at the gaming tables, had called from one of the clubs "Hello, dear. They tell me the loudmouth-trout fishing is good right now."

"What?"

"You know, in Pyramid Lake. Didn't you say you wanted me to call if the loudmouth fishing was good?"

"You mean cutthroat trout."

"Yes, that's what I said. It's good right now."

So I was heading out into the Nevada desert. It had been an unusually mild winter. The snowpack was light, about what you would expect in May, yet it was February. After stopping in Reno for a license and the permit needed to fish on Indian land, I drove into the peopleless sink country, blasting along through an

intimidating expanse of brush and distant mesas. From a rise in the Paiute Reservation I had my first view of the lake.

In the bright sunlight it appeared small, deceptively so, stretching to the north and south like a swath of cobalt paint. Later, arriving at some buildings and trailers known as Sutcliffe, I found a dock and launching ramp. A boat had just come in, and a man got out carrying a fish that easily weighed 10 pounds. It was the largest cutthroat I had ever seen.

After minutes of watching the lake I began to understand its vastness as several boats trolled on its perfect surface, so far away they were mere specks. "Is it deep?" I asked an Indian. "Yes," he said. "When they drown we never find them."

I drove south along the shore and pulled off the road near a rocky point. I got into a pair of waders and strung up a rod. Fishermen in the area believe a woolly worm is the best fly and that it should be fished deep and slow. What these flies represent, if anything, is a mystery. However, the lake is rich in food—there is an abundance of snails and plankton—and when the trout move into shallow water near the shore these non-

descript patterns account for most of the catch.

When the sun began to drop out of sight a jeep lurched to a stop nearby and a man with a spinning rod got out, walked immediately to the water's edge and began to cast. We were perhaps a hundred feet apart when there was a tremendous splash between us. The man called out something I could

not quite hear and seemed to indicate I should cast to the fish. I did, but nothing happened. When it became too dark to fish we talked for a moment near his car. "When they surface like that one did," he told me, "cast right away and you stand a good chance. But the weather's just too nice for good fishing. The nastier it is the better the fish bite. Thought I might have a chance of hitting one right at dark, though. By the way, you want to be careful in those waders. Bottom's tricky. They lost a guy last week and haven't found him."

Pyramid Lake is part of what's left of an inland sea originally called Lake Lahontan—Walker Lake is also a remnant of this once-huge body of water—and the Lahontan trout, a species of cutthroat, is seldom found outside this area. Both lakes are highly alkaline due to intense evaporation, and the Nevada Fish and Game Department feels that Walker may have no more than 20 years left as a freshwater fishery.

On the other hand, Pyramid is large and deep with a fresh-water inflow from the Truckee River. The lake began to get in trouble in the '30s as more and more of the Truckee water was diverted for irrigation purposes. This forced the magnificent Lahontan trout to the brink of extinction by 1940. The 41-pounder caught in 1925 by a Paiute remains the largest cutthroat trout ever taken anywhere in the world.

For years the Fish and Game Department has kept Pyramid alive by rigorously stocking a pure strain of the native trout as well as rainbow-cutthroat hybrids. And recently the Interior Department announced it would cancel the old Irrigation District contract, taking over control of the Truckee River water by October 1974, limiting the amount of water that can be diverted for irrigation can only help the Lahontan trout. The flow over the Truckee delta will increase, and the fish will more easily reach the river to spawn naturally.

The following afternoon I headed for the south end of the lake near the river mouth. Here there was a beach that seemed a popular fishing spot. Several anglers were casting woolly-worm flies on spinning tackle with thin pencil sinkers attached. They had been at it all day and some had set up folding chairs by the water. As I watched, one man caught a



hybrid of about four pounds. But I wanted to take a pure Lahontan trout. The beach seemed terribly tame so I drove north around the lake looking for a place that might offer solitude. I found the setting deeply arcane and wanted to cultivate this sense of mystery.

The air was cool, and a gusty, changeable wind ruffled the lake. I wondered if conditions were adverse enough to provide good fishing. I found a small feeder stream, or more accurately, a spring. The high bank was troublesome so I quartered the line as I worked along the shore. I cast, let the fly sink, then retrieved it in slow pulls. The lake dropped off sharply here, and when the line stopped I knew it was a fish.

It did not jump or dash wildly about, but chugged strongly, staying deep. I flushed with excitement when it veered off the bank, splashing water as it turned to run. I nervously led it against the gravel and reaching down saw it had none of the characteristic marks of the rainbow. It was dark, almost green on the back, and had few spots, mostly near the tail. Under its gills were two bright dashes of red-orange. At that moment one could sense the qualities of the desert and appreciate the fragile hold this diminishing body of water maintained on it. I imagined the trout would weigh a bit under five pounds. I removed the fly and placed the fish back in the water. It was gone in an instant, leaving only the wind and gathering dusk.

Reno blazed into the icy night as I entered my hotel through the casino. The din and the chrome were too much. I walked straight through and out the other side. Across the street I saw an anapropos establishment whose sign proclaimed TOPLESS. I poked my head in—there were no slot machines and no customers. Three or four girls sat around laughing and talking.

A girl named Carol asked if I would buy her a drink. We played the jukebox and began talking. At one point she excused herself because it was her turn to dance, whipped off her halter, grinned through a number, came back and sat down.

"What brings you here if you don't like to gamble?" she asked.

"I'm fishing for trout in Pyramid Lake."

"Well you be careful, honey," she said.

"If you drown in there they'll never find you."

END



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TENNIS / Joe Jares

The boo-boo in Bogotá

It was hail, Colombia and goodby, gringos in the Davis Cup as the Latins, aided by Andean altitude and low opposition, annihilated the U.S.

More than 8,600 feet up in the Andes is the handsome city of Bogotá, Colombia, where the air is thin and the prices are low. *Bogotanos* are justly proud of their many book shops, delicious beer and museum crammed with gold art objects. But there are hazards to be found in Bogotá. Expert pickpockets are almost a source of civic pride. The national firewater, a *guardiente*, can make one believe he is capable of flying like a condor. The intestinal bug common to other Latin American cities is there, too. It is called the Chubcha Revenge after a local Indian tribe. And last weekend the U.S. Davis Cup team found hazards of other sorts at a lovely suburban retreat called Club Los Lagartos—"The Lizards Club." Reptiles were not the problem, however. Plagued by cramps and facing fairly tough opposition without the help of its top players, the U.S. lost to Colombia 4-1 and found itself eliminated from the 1974 Davis Cup competition in the very first month. Adios, gringos.

The U.S. team, headed by nonplaying Captain Dennis Ralston, consisted of Charlie Pasarell, 29, who came in handy for more than just his knowledge of Spanish; Erik van Dillen, almost 23 and a veteran of Davis Cup doubles; Harold Solomon, 21; and backup men Roscoe Tanner and Eddie Dibbs. No Stan Smith. No Arthur Ashe. No Tom Gorman. No Jimmy Connors. Prior commitments and ailing backs kept them home. In Connors' case, said Ralston bitterly, "He refused us again."

It might have been presumed that the U.S. could have flown south with nothing but a couple of good teaching pros and briskly dispatched the Colombians, but Ralston knew better. For one thing, seven years ago the U.S. was knocked off in Ecuador, and the altitude of Bogotá was certain to be a problem. For another, the Colombian No. 1, Ivan Molina, was no club player. He had beaten Ashe and Rod Laver in the Canadian

Open last year and taken a set from Ilie Nastase at Wimbledon. Finally, Colombia already had eliminated Venezuela and Mexico in the 1974 Davis Cup races. So what happened was not an ambush, just a drubbing.

Ralston and most other tennis experts had expected that Mexico, with a fine young player in Raul Ramirez and a fairly strong Davis Cup tradition, would beat Colombia. If that had happened, the Mexico-U.S. match would have been held in Palm Springs, right in Ralston's backyard, and perhaps America's best players would have found it more convenient to compete. Instead, Colombia trounced Mexico 4-1 and because of Davis Cup scheduling policies that try to balance the home and away matches for each country, the Americans had to give up their thoughts of desert tennis and climb the mountains.

The U.S. team was not exactly alone on the Andean slopes. The Embassy staff in Bogotá, apparently tennis fanatics, adopted the players. The wives sent hero sandwiches over to the Bogotá Hilton. Bob Chatten, a U.S. Information Service official, named himself the Embassy's yell attaché. The Embassy families formed a rooting section at the matches and tried to outshout nearly 2,000 Colombians. One original contribution was Chatten's yell for Solomon: "Golly, Solly, what a volley." The peak of their support probably came when the wife of a USIS man took pity on van Dillen between the singles and doubles on Saturday and sent peanut butter-and-jelly sandwiches to the locker room.

Ralston and his crew arrived Jan. 2 and, on advice of the team physician, took it easy the first few days. Their luggage was temporarily misplaced in Rio or Lima or some such place and they had to practice the first day with equipment borrowed from the Embassy. The workouts got progressively harder until they were playing five-set matches against each other without puffing as if they just

continued

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TENNIS *continued*

had sprinted up the steps to the top of the Washington Monument. For singles Ralston picked van Dillen and Solomon. The doubles team was van Dillen and Pasarell, who plays in the same hard-serving style as van Dillen's usual Davis Cup partner, Stan Smith. Colombia chose Molina, 27, and Jaro Velasco, a 26-year-old Bogotano, for all five matches.

Solomon, who comes from Maryland and played college tennis for Rice, is an aggravating counterpuncher. Hit hard balls at him and he sends back marshmallows, cream puffs and Hostess Twinkies. Finally the opponent hits a little short and Solomon runs around to take it on his forehand and either passes the slugger or forces a volley error. He has a two-handed backhand that is in vogue with the phenoms these days.

It is the dry season in usually rainy Bogota, and Solomon and Velasco had perfect weather for their opening match. It turned out that the unknown Velasco was a steady but far from brilliant player whose strokes were hardly crackling. Perhaps because of nervousness, Solomon lost the first set 6-1, but then settled down and won the next two. Leading 4-3 and serving in that third set, Solomon had to stop and take a five-minute break because of a very bad *colambre*—a cramp. Even at sea level tennis players cramp up quite often, but it is far more likely at 8,000 feet because the blood is not getting enough oxygen to the muscles and not carrying enough waste products away. Solomon played the rest of the match hampered by cramps, and Velasco won 6-1, 3-6, 4-6, 6-3, 7-5, even though he, too, suffered cramps and had to take a five-minute break (a time period the two captains had previously agreed upon). At the end they looked like two men trying to play tennis on wooden legs. In the locker room afterward Solomon was wound up tighter than a ball of twine, with cramps in his right leg, cramps in his left leg, cramps in his abdomen and cramps in his cramps. And the U.S. suddenly had a cramp in its cup hopes.

With shadows lengthening on the red clay court, Molina played near the top of his form, serving accurately and stroking hard against van Dillen. When play was halted because of darkness Molina had won two sets, was ahead 3-1 in the third, obviously in command.

Could the U.S. come back after such a disastrous start? "Yes," said Ralston. "We haven't played up to our ability

continued

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1974

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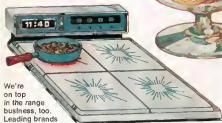


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yet." But Molina came out Saturday morning and finished his job on van Dillen 6-4, 7-5, 6-2, and was mobbed by the joyous fans, to whom Solomon and van Dillen were the Colossi of the North. They did not know or care about Smith, Ashe or Connors.

After a long break, with dark clouds dropping occasional raindrops, the U.S. took charge of the doubles. Pasarelli played well, as did van Dillen, and the U.S. won the first two sets 6-3, 11-11. But near the end of the long second set *calambre* struck again and Pasarelli began to limp. Still, the U.S. won the third set 6-4, and the match.

"After I became a cripple," said Pasarelli, "Erik played the best tennis he has all week. He knew he had to cover the whole court."

The U.S. was still on the brink but held fast to a filament of hope. It was thought van Dillen could beat Velasco in the first singles Sunday and tie the series at two-all. What seemed doubtful was that Solomon, even without another *calambre* catastrophe, could beat Molina. But the U.S. team, perhaps remembering Solomon's victory over Juan Gisbert in Barcelona in 1972, could confess to no such doubts. "If we can get to the fifth match I think Solly can do it," said Ralston. "Molina's a hot and cold player." "His best shot is his passing shot," said Pasarelli of Solomon. "He makes a guy commit himself, come in to the net and then makes him miss a volley or passes him. I think he's going to be effective."

Which was all academic. On an alternately rainy and sunny Sunday—even the dry season is wet in Bogotá—it turned out not to matter what Solomon did (he lost 2-6, 1-6, 0-6) because the surprising Velasco defeated van Dillen in four sets 6-0, 7-5, 4-6, 6-4. There was a delay after the first three sets, made longer by showers, which only prolonged the U.S. agony. Velasco came out and was his usual steady self in the fourth and van Dillen did not help his own cause by double faulting 10 times.

Colombia, which had never played the U.S. in Davis Cup competition before, thoroughly savored one of its greatest victories. The fans spilled onto the court, hoisted Velasco to their shoulders and paraded him around like a victorious matador who had just been awarded Uncle Sam's ears and tail. It was a fine time to be bullish on America—South America.

END

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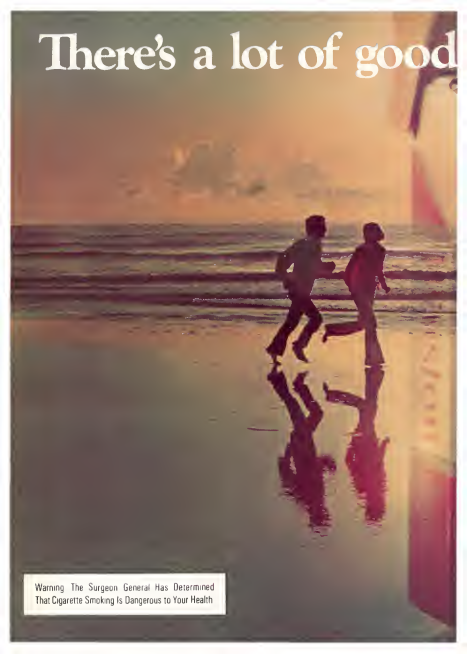
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On the day he won the world chess championship 16 months ago, Bobby Fischer posed by an Icelandic hot spring, enveloped in its vapors and a native blanket. Since then he has shrouded himself in obscurity, reemerging out of seclusion only once—in the Philippines—to play a chess game in public. But this week attention turned again to Fischer as play began to find the man who will challenge him in 1975. In Puerto Rico, for instance, Boris Spassky reappeared for a quarterfinal match with American Robert Byrne. It seemed a fitting occasion for the priest who was Fischer's second in Reykjavik to recount that saga.



A MYSTERY WRAPPED IN AN ENIGMA

by William Lombardy

CONTINUED



What's with the kid? What does he want?" That is what so many people were asking in those days when Bobby Fischer was balking before and during the world chess championship in Iceland. I couldn't answer the questions then—or even now. But there are things that happened in those hectic weeks that reveal something of the man.

There were no long-range plans for me to serve as Bobby's second in Iceland. At the time the subject came up he had already missed the opening ceremonies in Reykjavik and nearly everyone was pessimistic about the chances of his appearing at the championship. I received a message to phone Dr. Anthony Saidy, a chess friend of Bobby's and son of the co-author of *Finian's Rainbow*. I guessed that Fischer might be holed up with the Saidys, and he was—he came to the telephone. I tried to convince him to go to Iceland, but he was noncommittal. "What about you? Can you come?" he asked. I told him I was committed to covering the event on cable TV. "You haven't signed anything, have you?" I had not.

That night I drove to the Saidys in Douglaston, Long Island. Tony, an international chess master, let me in and disappeared upstairs to find out if Bobby would see me. When Tony came down, I went up. Bobby and I talked for a couple of hours while a TV in the room played loudly. Bobby interrupted at one point to ask, "Do you hear a noise?" Certainly none but the TV. "Listen," he said, flicking off the set. Five yards from where we sat the gears of a digital clock were turning. The movement from minute to minute produced a click. Fischer was keenly aware of it. To me the sound was only audible with conscious effort. Bobby declared he needed a new, silent alarm clock. I told him I would get him one the following day.

The next afternoon I returned with the clock and settled down to hamburgers with the Saidys, waiting for sundown and the end of Fischer's sabbath. He was to leave on a 9:30 p.m. plane for Reykjavik and I was hoping to see him off, but he remained in Douglaston, insisting that unless the right conditions for the match were set, he would not go. Meanwhile, in Reykjavik patient but nervous Icelandic chess officials and Dr. Max Euwe, president of the world chess organization, were agreeing to a postponement of the first game. They had too much at stake.

That Saturday night on Long Island I challenged Bobby to give me rook odds in a casual game (actually there is no casual game for Bobby). I wondered if Fischer had lost his nerve, if he feared Boris Spassky. Maybe a game would restore his confidence. At first he refused, but then he removed his queen's rook and play began. He lost the game but only after a superb demonstration of his fighting qualities in being a rook down against another grandmaster.

The next day Bobby still balked at the trip to Iceland. I decided to visit Paul Marshall, who occasionally acted as Fischer's attorney. Bobby must be gotten to Iceland at all costs. Paul phoned Fischer at the Saidy home. Bobby was watching *Cade's Cowby* and would not take the call. Marshall was told to try again in an hour. When he did, Fischer took the receiver, but he might as well have continued to watch TV. *Mission: Impossible* seemed of considerably more interest to him than chess.

If he was to face Spassky, Fischer had to make the 9:30 p.m. flight on Monday or arrange a cable match. Monday at 2 a.m. Marshall and I set out for Douglaston. When we arrived the house appeared to be dark except for a light in the living room. We rang the bell. Believing Fischer would be awake, I looked up at the attic window. A light could be seen. Again the bell. Still no answer. We rang persistently. Fischer, who had been putting in the kitchen, finally could not withstand his curiosity. He came to the door.

In the living room we began to talk, but Fischer was persistent. His demand—for 30% of the gate receipts—must be met. "I'm not afraid of Spassky," he said. "The world knows I'm the best. You don't need a match to prove it." Then he fell silent. Marshall prodded. Marshall urged. Fischer asked me to leave the room, and Paul continued for another half hour in fruitless debate. Finally we gave up and returned to the Marshall home in Englewood, N.J. Fischer had to be smoked out. He could not be allowed to foolishly sacrifice his life's ambition. The press might help. His whereabouts would be a choice piece of information. Marshall's wife Bette volunteered to act as an anonymous caller, phoning the *Daily News*, *The New York Times*, AP, UPI: "Hello, I'd like to tell you where Bobby Fischer is. . . ." It was now 5 a.m.

Five hours later I woke to find that a British millionaire had offered Fischer \$50,000 if he would compete. According to Marshall the message read, "Come out, chicken, and play." Bobby considered the offer (for six hours, according to *The Times*) but apparently made up his mind minutes after receiving the cable. I spoke with him at 11 a.m. "Are you going to accept?" In a subdued but jubilant tone, he responded: "That's a lot of money just to give away." Being noncommittal is normal for Bobby. But he requested that chess books be ordered, books on end games, openings, or just anthologies of games. He wanted the latest *Chess Life & Review*. Bobby would never ask, "Are you going to be my second?" but he did ask, "Are you coming?" "You haven't asked me," I said. "Besides, I've contracted to do the match on TV."

"Somebody else can do that," Fischer said. I questioned that. "See you later," Bobby said. I decided to go to Iceland, if only to get Fischer to the playing site. I did not know how long my services would be required.

I called Leonard Barden in London that morning, asking that he ship the chess literature that Fischer had requested to Iceland. He inquired who would be paying for the material. "I presume Bobby," I replied. En route to Iceland, I told Bobby he would receive the bill. He thought the U.S. chess federation would pay for the material. Paul Marshall said he would, if Fischer would autograph the books at the conclusion of the match. Bobby agreed. Marshall is still waiting for the books, which probably are molding in the cartons Bobby shipped back from Reykjavik.

An Icelandic Airlines limousine picked up the Marshalls and me, and by 5 p.m. we were at the Saidy home. It was ringed by the press and police. Marshall went into the house while I, dressed in clerical black but without the identifying white celluloid collar of a priest, proceeded to rearrange luggage in the car. A reporter asked me what branch of law enforcement I represented. I hastened into the house. There

I found Marshall pacing the floor. He had just been instructed by Fischer to present me a demand. In his hand was a letter drawn up to Bobby's specifications. Fischer wanted a signed assurance that I would not discuss or write about the match in any way or annotate the games. Quite a bombshell to a friend. I agreed not to annotate the games—Fischer could then have confidence in my discretion acting as his second—but I agreed to nothing more and the letter went unsigned. My independence was at stake.

At last Bobby made his appearance. "Hi," he said, "is everything all right?" He peered through the window and winced at the sight of several reporters standing on the lawn in drenching rain. "Do you think I should see them?" Someone suggested meeting the reporters in the vestibule where it was cold and damp; perhaps they wouldn't stay long. "No," said Fischer, "I'll give them one interview. I'll see them here where it is comfortable." A courteous, dignified group of men filed in. About this time an Icelandic chess master and friend of Fischer's, Freysteinn Thorbergsson, who had flown to New York hoping to convince Fischer to appear, was waiting at the Douglaston train station. Either Bobby would not see him, or was unaware of his presence. Freysteinn waited several hours and then flew back to Iceland on the same plane as Bobby, who was seated many rows to the rear.

Previous planes had been delayed for Fischer's sake. This time Bobby was on time. The preceding week had been harrying, and the next 60 days in Reykjavik would be as tense.

Fischer had his choice of accommodations on arrival: a split-level dwelling in the suburbs that had been first prize in the national lottery, or the presidential suite in the Hotel Loftleidir. Fischer opted for the house, but he had the use of both places. Spassky had similar accommodations.

It was 7 a.m. Icelandic time and at 5 p.m. that day Fischer was scheduled to meet Spassky in the opening round.

Once inside the house, Bobby announced his intention of sleeping until game time. He was told lots would be drawn for color at noon but that according to the rules a second could appear. There was no proper stationery available, only my note pad. On a three-by-five-inch sheet, Fischer commissioned his second: "O.K. for Bill Lombardy to draw for me, Bobby Fischer." He also scribbled out a similar note for Fred Cramer, the former president of the U.S. chess federation who was acting as an aide, but on second thought decided not to sign it.

At noon I went to the Hotel Esja to await the Russians.



Boris Spassky had lost his fighting edge before the match.

When the group gathered, the Russians lined their side of the table with great solemnity. Spassky speaks fluent English but naturally proceeded to read his statement in Russian; an interpreter supplied a running translation. Spassky and the chess federation of the U.S.S.R. had been insulted over Fischer's failure to appear at the opening ceremony; therefore, "Fischer must bear just punishment before there is hope of holding the match." With that the Russians tossed a copy of the statement on the table and made to go. We prevailed on them to stay but they were in no mood for discussion. "Just punishment. Just punishment," they kept saying. I knew Spassky from student-team tournaments

and asked to talk with him alone. "William, this is very serious," he said, blushing furiously. "Fischer must apologize or there will be no match." I sympathized with his hurt and we shook hands. That afternoon a new round of negotiations began. The irony of the situation was that now when Bobby was itching to play, Boris was not.

Another day went by, filled with press conferences, charges and countercharges. Fischer listened to the crisis reports. The Russians wanted an apology. "Anything, anything to get the match going," he said. Marshall drew up a statement of apology. Bobby approved it but would not sign the paper. He said he wanted to make a personal explanation

continued

to Spassky. Satisfied with even minor success, Marshall and I returned to the bargaining.

Fischer's apology was refused by the Soviets, who noted it was mimeographed, sent secondhand and was unsigned. According to Marshall and Brad Darrach, a Lare writer, Fischer was in an extremely overwrought mental state that evening. He so feared the cancellation of the match that he rather hastily drafted a letter to Boris in which he renounced all claim to the purse. Rumor has it that the original copy of this remarkable letter remains in existence in the hands of Darrach.

Marshall spent the evening convincing Fischer to curb his impulsivity. The original letter was scrapped and another handwritten apology to Boris substituted. Marshall was not satisfied with the final draft but it was simply the best he could get under the circumstances. At 5 a.m. Marshall, accompanied by Fischer, drove to the Saga Hotel. While Bobby retired to a corner of the lobby, Marshall went up to Spassky's seventh-floor suite, managed to gain entry and thrust the letter into the hands of the astonished, half-awake Russian. Whereupon Marshall fled. The apology was accepted and the match was on.

Laugardalshöll, as the chess arena was called, had been transformed into an impressive theater. The stage was thickly carpeted and the walls draped to muffle the slightest sound. Placed in the center was the massive, handmade chessboard, inlaid with Icelandic stone and Italian marble. Above was a lighting fixture that could be adjusted up to 140 candelas. In the early hours of the morning two days before the first game actually took place, Bobby made a personal inspection of the hall. He rather casually suggested that the grotesque scaffold towers, meant to house the TV cameras, be placed out of sight, maybe at the back of the hall. They were draped with burlap, punched with peepholes, and looked for all the world like Trojan siege machines. Fischer paid the matter no further heed, proceeding to test the lighting. Up to 140, down to 60, 20 and back to 100 candelas. He was satisfied with the degree of light, yet the glare had to be reduced. It was. Every celluloid filter

plate in the fixture—98 in all—was replaced at the cost of \$600. Our lighting expert, Fred Cramer, noted that the normal light needed for reading and for playing various board games was somewhere between 24 and 40 candelas. Bobby was getting an immensely intense 120.

At the outset Fischer had been offered the hospitality of the U.S. Naval Air Station at Keflavik. He could have been the house guest of the base commander. The recreational facilities and the cafeteria of the base were at his disposal, without charge. All this changed in the days before the match. The bad press Fischer received had had its effect. House hospitality was suddenly withdrawn. Fischer had to pay for his bowling. He took no special note of the change.

On Tuesday, July 11, the first game was held. Bobby woke at 4 p.m. to what became his customary pregame snack of *skyr* (a sour milk whipped with sugar and heavy cream), cheese and herring, dark bread, apple juice, orange juice, milk and dextrose malt, a barley and malt health beverage. Bobby never finished these meals. Most of the food was transported to the hall to be eaten during the game.

From the start, Bobby established a custom of tardiness. Why was he always late? His excuse was that he could only manage to wake half an hour before game time. That is possible, but there was always something else to cause delay. The food. A misplaced tie clasp. Last-minute game preparation. The right tie. Finding a good bailpoint for recording the game.

I think it was the tension, the anticipation of the chess struggle, that slowed him down. It was as if something subconscious prevented him from appearing too soon lest he arrive without full armament. It was as if an unseen force prompted him to avoid the fight until he was forced into it by the necessity of time. He wanted more than anything to play, yet before each game he had to make a superhuman effort to wind himself up. "What time is it?" he would ask. "What time is it?"

In that first game Fischer took a poisoned pawn, a reckless move that I watched with disbelief. I began to doubt my own judgment. I decided, "It's a mistake; I hope he knows what he's doing." The first game was adjourned and 10 minutes of analysis in the suite at the Loftleidir confirmed the sad truth. But Fischer and I spent another six hours considering the position. The prospect of the loss didn't seem to faze Bobby, who concluded the analysis session with, "We work well together." The next day Bobby resigned on Move 56. It took me five minutes to circle the hall to pick him up. I was greeted by Bobby snapping his fingers: "Come on, Bill; I can't wait around here all day, you know." Trouble was only beginning.

That night Argentine Grandmaster Miguel Najdorf held court in the cafeteria of the Loftleidir. "Bobby wants 30% of the gate and 30% of television, but he doesn't want the audience or the television." Najdorf roared with laughter but he had summed up the situation as most observers saw it. No one will ever know what afflicted Bobby. He could not be compelled to accept TV as a condition of play. He was concerned with money, yet would watch it drift away. He objected to noise but vetoed the soundproof glass partition that might have been erected between the players and

Fischer rooks in solitude in one of the city's baths.



the crowd. He wanted the feel of a live audience, but he was soon to demand play in a closed Ping-Pong room. He wanted the match, yet he seemed not to fathom or fear that it was on the verge of collapse. For him a match without perfect conditions was to be avoided.

Before the second game I went to Fischer's suite. Ready? No, he declared, if the cameras weren't out, then the game was. Referee Lothar Schmid was determined to start Fischer's clock according to the rules, ones which were drawn without consideration of that new element in chess, television cameras. It was 5 p.m., starting time, and Fischer declared he was not going: 5:10, 5:15, 5:20. I bounced back and forth negotiating with the film representatives. At 5:30 the camera people agreed there would be no filming during this game. Too late. The debate had cost Fischer half an hour on his clock. He wanted the time back. No, declared Lothar Schmid. Outside Bobby's hotel a squad car waited, its lights flashing, to take Fischer to the hall in time to avoid the forfeit. An hour ticked by and Fischer did not appear. Spassky was declared the winner of the game.

I decided to try a different tack. I talked to Fischer about Paul Morphy's slow start in his match with Daniel Harrwitz a century before. The first to win seven games was to be declared the winner. Morphy had begun with two losses, the same as Bobby, and this did not prevent him from garnering 5½ of the next six games, at which point Harrwitz, pleading sickness, broke off the match. Bobby thought the matter over but said nothing.

That evening Brad Darrach and I decided to launch a telegram campaign. Calls were made to friends in the States, asking for cables of support to Bobby. Hundreds of telegrams arrived. Bobby replied each. "America waits for you to carry back the world chess championship. Don't back down now!" "The Russians want you to go home. You must play the match." These were typical messages. Perhaps this campaign caused Bobby to reshape his thinking and continue the match. Perhaps, but not before Fred Cramer had been summoned by Fischer, who demanded that plane reservations be made, destination private. Someone notified the press of Fischer's plans to leave. The press was glad to cooperate. A large contingent traveled to Keflavik to watch departing flights, while others stationed themselves around the hotel. Perhaps Bobby's fear of the press might deter him from a premature departure.

Spassky agreed to play the third game in the Ping-Pong room, though he acknowledged later it was a great psychological error. Fischer was willing to permit a remote-control, closed-circuit TV to monitor the proceedings; he never objected to remote-control cameras if they operated silently.

When Bobby arrived, Boris was, as usual, seated at the table. Bobby did not sit down but went around inspecting the television equipment, and at this point Boris betrayed indignant agitation. Bobby tested the remote-control camera for possible sources of noise. Schmid watched the proceedings and became anxious. He felt the match once more was in jeopardy. Schmid took Bobby by the arm in an effort to get him to the playing table. Bobby brushed off Schmid's entreaties. "The American grandmaster permitted himself great liberty in his remarks, which were very dis-



Lonely did not always know next move.

agreeable to hear," Spassky said later. Finally satisfied with the camera, Bobby settled down for the match.

From the day Boris annexed the world title, his play had been less than impressive. His tournament performances through a two-year period featured a string of lackluster draws. Some viewed his no-risk policy as holding back for Fischer. Most of his peers wondered. Great grandmasters fight for victory. They are not satisfied with second, let alone sixth place, in a crucial, closely watched tournament. Each one matters. Spassky had mysteriously lost his fighting spirit long before Reykjavik. But even this cannot account for his petrifyingly passive approach to the third game. Such a stance succeeded in the first game only because of Fischer's impetuosity and his distracted play. Boris disdained every chance to pry open the third game. And, finally, he strayed from his customary habit of immediately adjourning the game upon completion of 40 moves. His 41st move was a gross blunder.

When Bobby jumped into his Cougar for the trip home he exclaimed, "I sealed a knockout." Indeed he had. Boris appeared the next day, saw the sealed move and resigned without resuming play.

After the third session, Fischer's mood was transformed. He wanted to relax, dining in town. We drove to the Odal Restaurant where Bobby ordered a sizable meal and then abruptly left the table. He returned from a local bookstore with a wad of magazines which he devoured along with his dinner. Afterward, we walked the streets, followed for more than an hour, at a discreet distance, by two small boys. Finally, as we were leaving, they approached and asked Bobby for his autograph, which they got.

continued

With the win, his first ever over Spassky, Fischer seemed less concerned with the second-round forfeit, but he remained adamant that no filming of future games be allowed. The Icelandic federation, for the moment, agreed. Fischer drew the fourth game and won the fifth when Spassky erred while in a grossly inferior position. By now the Russians were aware of their tactical mistake in allowing Boris to play in a closed room. They, too, began to vigorously protest game conditions, even the hum of the air conditioners.

Fischer was in high spirits the night of his second victory. After dinner we headed for the air base, Bobby driving. On a highway with a 50-mile-an-hour speed limit, Bobby drove 25. Fortunately, Icelandic traffic, particularly at one in the morning, does not pile up. Now that Bobby's chess game was superb, his bowling slackened. In 10 games he averaged only 137. I drove home. "Slow down, you're going too fast," Fischer urged whenever the speedometer ventured above 35.

Despite the victory, neither Bobby nor I was satisfied with the outcome of his king pawn sally in Game Four. "Don't worry. Sunday I will play something that will make you very happy," he promised. He was willing to change strategy, and he did. In the sixth game Fischer opened with a queen pawn for the first time in his life and Spassky retaliated with his favorite Tartakower defense. Spassky had relied on this in more than half a dozen tournament games, never losing one. But this time Boris seemed unable to cope with Fischer's surprise. He lapsed into passivity and lost. Later he reluctantly referred to the effort as "probably the best game of the match." It was a tactical and technical masterpiece and a hysterical Spassky joined the audience in applauding Fischer's win.

The seventh game was a draw, but only after Fischer missed an easy win with listless play. In the final position he was two pawns ahead, had not moved his king rook the entire length of the 49-move game and was himself forced to take a perpetual check to avoid checkmate.

A win in the eighth gave Fischer a 5-3 lead and evened his lifetime score with Boris at four wins apiece. About this time the chessboard again became a bone of contention. The workmanship, size of the squares, grain of the wood, measurement of the board itself—one thing or another did not suit Bobby. One wonders whether the complaints weren't a ruse on his part to keep everyone occupied—the Icelandic organizers and members of his camp. But I was aware of Bobby's professionalism and convinced that a defect in the board was distracting him.

Fischer made no public statements himself, yet when his aides attempted to explain his actions he would object. After the objection he would retreat once again into seclusion. One time he opened some mail from Buenos Aires, dumping clippings on a table. A quick look at the newspaper stories raised his ire. "You're being quoted all over," he blurted out to Fred Cramer. "No more interviews. People think you are speaking for me."

One spectator described the ninth game as "two dead men dancing." They split the point, despite a Fischer innovation. Bobby had the white pieces in the 10th game. Samuel Reshevsky once said, "Snap off the buttons and the pawns fall by themselves." And this is what Fischer did.

Spassky had two connected passed pawns. Fischer adroitly snapped up these by combining mating threats against Spassky's king. Bobby had his victory, and he was up by three.

By the 11th game Bobby was psychologically unfit to play safe. He wanted victories. Here was the weakness so many commentators had uncovered—an inability to pace himself in a prolonged struggle and thereby allow an opponent the opportunity to overextend himself. But then that weakness was also Fischer's strength. His uncompromising determination to see his opponent's ego collapse permitted him the risk of losing numerous battles as long as he won the war. In this game Bobby might have resigned somewhere between Moves 22 and 24. "But you can't win by resigning," the old master Tartakower once said, and Fischer plodded on to Move 31 before acknowledging his fate. Why did he not resign earlier? I think he was carried on by the momentum of the occasion. After so many victories, he found it difficult to reconcile himself to his first loss since Game One. There was a master who used to attribute his own delayed resignations to "his great love for the game."

In the 12th game the world was waiting for Fischer to avenge his loss, from which, presumably, he was smarting. Fans expected a wild affair, but the game produced hardly a flurry. There was a hint that Bobby was playing safe, and Boris was in no mood for a mishap that would increase Fischer's already commanding lead of two points. The game was adjourned with Bobby suffering no illusions as to the possible outcome, a draw. That night Bobby said if he tried too hard he could lose, although by no stretch of the imagination did he believe he could lose the adjourned position. But the comment did show he was growing wiser in the application of match strategy. He was no longer keen to plunge into his opponent's defenses on the mere chance of winning. That course had once provided weaker opponents with unmerited opportunity for victory over Fischer.

His carelessness in the 13th game, however, nearly resulted in another loss. Fortunately, he recovered. But he did not recover sufficiently. He had missed at least two winning continuations, and when the game was adjourned his expression betrayed this knowledge. That night was spent in an exhaustive session of analysis. "Do you think there's a win?" he anxiously asked. He gave the distinct impression that he knew there was no win. Fischer began furiously to shift the pieces over the board in a mad search for the win. One try, then another, produced no tangible result. He desperately wanted, needed, this win, if only to exonerate his inaccurate play during the first session. Very likely he suspected that victory was at best problematic, for at 11:45 p.m. he decided to have supper. The hotel's *maitre d'* had been patiently awaiting Fischer's pleasure and soon was serving up a luscious meal of salmon. Bobby had taken great pains to order large portions of everything he could think of—soup, juices, salad, herring—but his intense scrutiny of the adjourned position dulled any hunger pangs he might have felt earlier. He barely touched the dinner laid before him.

"What do you think of this line?" he would say, rattling off a variation. Then, without waiting for a reply, he would play a few moves beyond his suggestion and quickly reassemble the pieces at the adjourned position. Occasionally

I would make a suggestion. Bobby would look and then go on alone for a while. The process was repeated constantly during the two-hour "meal." If the *maitre d'* entered the room with another course, at Bobby's behest the pocket sets were snapped shut. Not a word was uttered until we were alone again. At one point grandmaster Lubomir Kavalek, who was covering the match for the *Voice of America*, came to offer his talents in working out the adjournment. Bobby was grateful but dismissed him, saying, "a little later."

Fischer's favorite chess set sat on a dressing table flush against a wall in a corner of the room. We sat before it testing lines that offered even the remotest chance for the win. The more ephemeral became the notion of winning, the more tense Fischer became. With a start, he turned to me and asked that I move away from the board. "I'd like to look at the position alone. See what you can find on your pocket set."

Intermittently he would call me back: "Take a look at this. What do you think?" Again the pieces would shuffle about the board, gaining momentum, some progress, but still no win in sight.

At 3 a.m. Bobby turned suddenly and said: "Call Kavalek." The phone was at his left hand, but he seemed to fear the instrument. I protested, given the hour, but Bobby insisted, "Call him, call him."

Kavalek picked up the receiver. "Lubosh, sorry to awaken you," I said lamely. "Bobby would like you to come to look at the adjournment." Lubosh arrived within minutes. The cycle of "Look," "No," "What do you think?" "Let me look at it alone" became a refrain. The playoff of Game 13, as on every Friday, was set for 2:30 p.m. Bobby had not tired of analysis until 8 a.m. What's more, by noon he was up struggling with that beguiling position. There were chances, but the win, he knew, was just as far away as ever.

Although Kavalek and I knew Bobby's plan of attack, Boris seemed uncomfortable when the game continued. The Russian nervously circled the table while Bobby considered this move, then that. A position was reached which many experts judged drawn. At this stage Bobby decided to go into a huddle. He stewed about 10 minutes over Move 62, another 10 over 63, and then an hour over his 64th turn! Time spent in finding the best try in a drawn position. And suddenly Bobby had won.

Watching the game's progress over the TV monitor in the lobby, the Soviet seconds were stunned by the result. Nikolai Krogius sadly admitted that Boris had erred on his 69th turn. "I didn't make enough of the fact that Fischer had consumed an entire hour over only one move," Spassky said later.

Indeed he hadn't. Boris was jittery, waiting for Bobby to move. He seemed to prefer not to reason that Bobby might be weaving a trap. More often than not, he stayed away from the table instead of bolting himself to his swivel seat and studying the position while Bobby pondered. Boris popped in and out of the curtained entrance to the backstage. During Bobby's prolonged think, the champion, on occasion, stuntered over to the board and gazed down at the position with a studied expression of boredom on his countenance.

While Fischer dashed for his car, Spassky remained glued to his seat. A sympathetic Lothar Schmid came over, and the two shifted the pieces about with Boris demonstrating his careless mistakes. The two were left wondering how Bobby could have squeezed a win from a position which a night of competent analysis by a renowned Soviet team had showed to be a guaranteed draw.

The 14th, 15th and 16th games ended in draws. Each draw by now was as good as a full point for Bobby. With 9½ points in his pocket, he needed only three in the remaining eight games to take the title. The match was now in the stretch. The opening repertoire of both players had been exhausted—as far as the element of surprise was concerned. The problem was how to win a won game, not just draw.

By now Fischer was becoming more and more frenetic about the noise in the hall. He instructed Cramer to write to Schmid. The letter declared, "Playing conditions Sunday at Exhibition Hall were the worst of the match to date. The audience was beg, noisy, moving about, coughing, standing on all sides, whispering, even horsing around. It looks less like a chess match than like County Stadium in Milwaukee when the Braves were around. . . . We must remove the first seven rows of seats. . . . Persistent coughers, children running and jumping, spectators whispering, and others who continue walking about should be asked to be seated quietly or to leave, not only for better playing conditions but for the benefit of those spectators who want to sit quietly and watch the exciting play. . . . We have waited too long, Lothar. Let us correct these things before the match itself is jeopardized."

The Icelanders were adamant about not removing seven rows of seats. They were willing to remove two. We felt a news release stating this would be inopportune. Bobby would remain intransigent in his demands and would quit the championship if he heard of this compromise which we had quietly worked out. I hoped that when Fischer arrived for the 17th game he would not inspect the seating arrangement in the hall closely. Bobby was told that an amicable agreement had been reached; he might have been suspicious, but en route to the hall he heard over the car radio that seven rows had been removed. Thank goodness for an occasional mistake by newscasters.

New York Times Correspondent Harold Schonberg made a point of getting to the hall an hour before game time to count the seats. Seats had been an issue for so long that he apparently kept rotating charts on the number of rows moved in and out of the orchestra section of the auditorium. Harold concluded that two, not seven, rows had been removed. Fortunately, no other member of the press wanted to know Harold's count. And Schonberg himself didn't count too loudly.

The hall was dead quiet in fearful anticipation of a blow-up. When Fischer emerged from backstage, he squinted out at the shadowed hall filled with spectators, sat down in his swivel seat and countered Spassky's king pawn opening.

continued

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Even at the Zoo everybody has a gimmick...almost everybody. Find the one who doesn't. **1.** No. He's Miles Tugo, underwear salesman pretending he's a jogger. Gimmick: Cigarettes with filters so thick every time he inhales, his ears pop. **2.** Meet Livingston I. Presume, gorilla. A latent Homo Sapien, who throws tires at anybody who doesn't believe in Evolution. **3.** Nope. He's Jerry Bill, zoo painter. Holds gimmick. A long pole to paint ape's cage (says he's allergic to fur and having his leg pulled off). His

Maxi-Long cigarettes easily break in half, too. **4** & **5.** No end no. They're Sam and Janet Evening, movie team making a low budget jungle picture "King Kong Gives Detroit A Hicke." **6.** He's Skip Tickle. Was given this address to deliver 12 Chinese dinners. Gimmick: Smokes cigarettes with filters so hollow he talks with an echo. **7.** Right. He prefers wildlife to wild gimmicks. Warns no nonsense in his cigarette, either, Camel Filters. Good taste. Honest tobacco. **8.** No. It's either the symbol of a high-quality cigarette, or a high-rise sheep.

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No Fischer protest! During the course of the match, as he swayed in his executive chair, Bobby's vacant stare would engulf Boris, who seemed to be making a concentrated effort to avoid Bobby's gaze. Bobby's mannerisms must have gotten to Boris, who decided on the antidote. Boris, too, swayed—first right, then left, in a rolling motion which coupled with Bobby's lapsed several minutes. It was a kind of chess rock 'n' roll. Later Fischer remarked innocently, "Yeah, I noticed he was muttering me! He's not the kind of guy who would purposely annoy you." For Bobby, this muttering might have been another clue to Spassky's deterioration, his desperation.

When the game was resumed after adjournment, Spassky moved his pieces back and forth in a threefold repetition of a position. Fischer summoned the referee to confirm what had happened and the game was declared a draw.

It was about this time that the Russians claimed electronic and chemical devices were being used to influence Spassky's play. The Soviet accusations only seemed to put Bobby in a very relaxed frame of mind.

Spassky and Fischer locked in fierce combat in the 18th game. The edge shifted one way, then the other, and back again. The game was adjourned with the decision in the balance.

In an interview for 64 (No. 40, 1972), a Soviet chess publication, Spassky surveyed his play in the match in general, and in Games 18 and 20 in particular: "Opportunities were open to me in Games 18 and 20. . . . It seemed that one solitary move would be enough to reduce my opponent. But somehow I was not capable of the effort." It is likely that Spassky psyched himself out. He has called himself "a lazy Russian bear." It takes him a long time to rev up his spirit, to get himself in good form. And possibly he no longer was by the time of the world championship.

Bobby chastised himself for his inaccurate play in Game 18. He had given Spassky too much play—in fact, Boris might have won. On the return trip to the hotel that night Bobby whipped out the pocket chess set. In and out of the slots for the various squares flew the plastic pieces. "There may not be a win," he concluded.

Bobby waged the customarily fierce all-night analytical session, after which he realized forcing the game was too risky. He compelled the draw. Bobby: 10½, Boris: 7½. Any combination of victories and draws totaling two points would give Fischer the title. To retain the crown, Boris would have to score 4½ points from the remaining six games.

When Fischer drew the 19th game the score stood at 11 to 8. The 20th game came, the 20th game was adjourned. It featured lackluster play on the part of both contestants. Boris seemed satisfied with simply attaining a respectable score. He had resigned himself to his fate. And Bobby was not one to disturb the sleeping bear. Yet throughout the match neither side would acquiesce to an easy, quick, premature draw. The result was another adjournment edge for Boris. He was continually plagued by having the advantage without being able to win. Fischer didn't enjoy being pressed. As usual, his anxiety for perfection demanded a fiercely analytical session. The draw was assured.

After the seance with Bobby, I joined his old teacher Jack Collins for coffee, but Bobby's worries apparently persisted. He telephoned me. "Are you analyzing the position with anyone?" he demanded. I pledged that all was well.

With the score 11½ to 8½, the challenger needed but two more draws or one precious victory to cinch the match. Speculation arose that Bobby, hoping to end the match, would come out slugging. But how could he hope to administer the knockout blow? He had, after all, the decided drawback of marshaling the black pieces.

As it happened, of the six Fischer wins three had been with black. The actual routing of Boris took place in Games Three and Five. Both times Fischer was black. The odds were not so long against another breakthrough in Game 21.

A very brave Boris set to work. He adopted an aggressive posture with a king pawn opening. Bobby, also in a sporting mood, retaliated with a determined Sicilian Defense, choosing a move (2. . . P-K3) he had never played before and transposing into a variation—the Paulsen—which he had never employed in serious competition. Thus, despite Spassky's determination, the el-

ement of surprise was already Bobby's with his seventh-move novelty (P-Q4).

Shaken by the tactics of a man who should have been content to grind out a draw here and in the next game, Boris consumed 50 minutes to Bobby's 20 on the first 10 moves. The sober study of the position presented no solution. He could not refute Bobby's play. The game was adjourned, this time with the edge firmly Bobby's.

The next day—Sept. 1, the day Iceland proclaimed its 50-mile fishing limit—I was drinking tea in the hotel cafeteria when someone told me it was rumored Spassky had resigned. I raced to Cramer's room where we called Lothar Schmid, who at first was unwilling to admit anything. He was afraid that if the news broke Bobby would not show at the hall. Schmid finally told us, "Bobby wins, but it is not official until he signs the scoresheet." Paul Marshall, Cramer and I marched to Bobby's third-floor suite. I knocked on the door. "Who is it?" came the voice. "Bill."

The door opened a crack. "What do you want? I'm busy [analyzing the position]." "Congratulations! You're world champion!" I exclaimed. "Yeah. I heard some rumor on the radio. Is it true? Is it official?" "It's official," we said. "We spoke to Schmid."

"But that's not official," Bobby said disbelievingly. "You better go," he continued, "I've got work to do."

Marshall and Cramer left while I stayed to take a last glance at the adjourned position. It was already 2 p.m., half an hour before game time. Bobby simultaneously ate, dressed and continued to study the position. Somehow he understood the game was really over. But he wasn't ready to admit this to anyone, even himself. "Why should Spassky resign this position?" he said. "There's a lot of play." I remember when Bobby was 11 or so how he misspelled the word "resign" on scoresheets. It was as if he never wanted to use the word. On the way to the hall Bobby sat analyzing in the front seat. I thrust a copy of *My 60 Memorable Games* into his hands. "What's this?" Bobby asked.

"Sign it," I urged. "I want your first autograph as world champion!"

"No, no. It's not official. Later," he replied, returning the book.

continued

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Enigma continued

"All right," I said, "but remember, as soon as you come out of the hall, me first!"

"O.K., O.K.," said Bobby as he returned to his pocket chess set.

The car slowly edged through the crowds surrounding the hall and arrived at the players' entrance. Bobby bounced out of the car, pierced the crowds and disappeared.

Spassky did not show. Perhaps, understandably enough, he did not want to suffer the final humiliation of resigning before such a tremendous audience. He had telephoned his resignation, which was permissible under the rules, to Schmid at 12:50 p.m.

Schmid moved to the front of the Laugardalshöll stage. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said. "Mr. Spassky has resigned. This is a traditional and legal way of resignation. Mr. Fischer has won this game, Number 21, and he is the winner of the match."

Thunderous applause rang out. Bobby sat glued to his seat. Overpowering shyness forced him to look away from the audience. Schmid tried to coax him forward, taking him by the elbow. Bobby rose, moved a step and stopped. He nodded a silent thanks to the audience and returned to the table where he apparently reviewed his and Boris' signatures on the scoresheets. Finally, he strode quickly off the stage.

On the way back to the hotel, I thrust *My 60 Memorable Games* once more on Bobby.

"Sign!"

"I mean, Bill, what's in it for me?" he teased.

"You want to know what's in it for you?"

"Yeah, what's in it for me?" repeated Bobby.

"A big congratulations!"

At the top of the first leaf of the book, Bobby put his signature, his first autograph as champion. "Should I write anything?" he asked.

"If you want, write what you feel."

Bobby wrote: "To Bill. Thanks for your help and patience."

Bobby should be champion of the world for a long time to come. He is a genuine world champion. Now the only question is, Will he ever again play another match?

END

Happy birthday to Joe.
Happy birthday to Joe.
Happy birthday dear Joey.
Happy birthday to you.

Kinda makes you wish you
were Joey, doesn't it?



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19TH HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOTRE DAME'S NUMBER

Sir:

Number 1 by Just the Number 1 (Jan. 7) was the truth in a nutshell. No team deserved the title more than Notre Dame. From Knute Rockne to Ara Parseghian, the world had been captivated by ND's charisma on the field and off. Now how could Bear Bryant think he could beat that?

MARIANNE CRIBITELLI

Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

Gee, until I read John Underwood's article on the Notre Dame-Alabama game, I didn't realize that the Irish had such a doid masquerading as quarterback. I had always thought that Tom Clements (whose won-loss record as ND's regular quarterback the past two years was 19-3, including 11-0 this year) was a pretty slick runner, passer, ball handler and leader. Apparently, many of his teammates thought so, too. They elected Tom offensive captain for the 1974 season. Pity, too, that Mr. Underwood found this game—which will always be regarded as a football classic—to be neither "artful" nor "pretty." What did he expect, *Snow Lake*?

DAVID A. WORTHMAN

South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

I was appalled to note your implication that God, the "you know who" in John Underwood's article, could be a factor in Notre Dame's biggest victory. The fact that there were a couple of signs in our living room stating "Beat the Poor Ol' Alabama WASPs" and "Notre Dame—Win the Religion Bowl" doesn't mean a thing. And just because I had, on the TV set, a framed picture of Ara with a Christmas candle burning in front of it, individual pictures (framed) of Rockne and Layden, a locker with my mother-in-law's rosary enclosed, a Maryknoll Fathers Missal and a picture of another great Irisher, John F. Kennedy, doesn't necessarily indicate that I thought The Real Number One could truly help Notre Dame. But I admit there was a lot of weight on that TV set favoring ND.

Congratulations to Bear Bryant and his players. Now let's get on with having Ara Parseghian canonized.

JOHN S. MOULDER

South Bend, Ind.

BETTER MATCH-UPS

Sir:

I would like to congratulate John Underwood on his interesting and much-needed article *Everyone Likes To Be Beated Over* (Dec. 24). With all the talk of college

playoffs, it is good to hear from someone who believes in upholding the tradition of the bowl games. I, too, believe there is some way to match the top teams against each other, and the first step would be to open up the Rose Bowl to other teams. The second step is to let teams other than the champions from the Pacific Eight and Big Ten participate in bowl games. Mr. Underwood also has the right idea in that bowl invitations should not go out until the end of the season. This would make for better match-ups between better teams. I think the NCAA should take action on this plan and do it before it is too late.

GARY PHATURIN

Pike Road, Ala.

Sir:

John Underwood's perceptive preview of the college bowl games suggested that they probably don't provide the format for the emergence of an undisputed national champion. After watching the games, I couldn't agree with him more. In seeing Notre Dame struggle with USC at home and Ohio State clobber the Trojans on the road, one certainly has to believe that two of the top three teams, namely, Michigan and Oklahoma, watched the festivities on TV.

The answer, of course, is playoffs à la pro football. Finish conference play by the ninth week of the season, then send a flight of 16 teams into the last three weeks to play through the semifinals. Hold the finals in the New Year's bowls—rotate the championship game yearly among the big four bowls with the non-championship games being selected pairings of the consensus Nos. 3 through 8 teams. Fans would drool over such matchups as Michigan-Alabama, Ohio State-Texas, USC-Penn State, even if they weren't for the national championship. The "lesser bowls" would provide exposure for second-flight teams that may have been underrated by pre-playoff polls.

By the way, it was a super Sugar Bowl game—between the fourth- and fifth-best teams in college football.

BOB BROWN

Aran Arbor, Mich.

Sir:

Now that the college football season is over, I feel I must stick up for Woody Hayes and Ohio State as the No. 1 coach and team. Only one team played this year's top three of Notre Dame, Oklahoma and Ohio State, and that was Southern California. The results? Oklahoma tied USC 7-7 at Los Angeles; Notre Dame beat USC 23-14 at South Bend; and Ohio State defeated USC 42-21.

continued



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in the Rose Bowl. Further proof of Ohio State's superiority over Notre Dame was shown in their respective Michigan State games. Notre Dame barely escaped 14-10, while Ohio State routed the Spartans 35-0.

JOHN DUFFY

Columbus, Ohio

WISER TO THE OWLS

Sirs:

I was encouraged to see the article *Howling the Cats for the Owls* (Jan. 7). Somehow, Temple teams always seem to be passed over lightly, although the basketball squad is generally a strong one and the football team has taken great strides over the last four years. Perhaps now others will recognize the Owls.

MARSHA DAVIESON

Pearl River, N.Y.

MACHINE AGE

Sirs:

I feel I must dispute the praise afforded the Houston boys' baseball league that employed a JUGS pitching machine in lieu of a human pitcher (SCORECARD, Jan. 7).

I believe you are wrong in feeling baseball will benefit from such a format at the youth level. You say, "The game can look forward

to a rich supply of trained hitters." What it will actually produce is a group of players capable only of hitting "nice medium straight balls over the heart of the plate." At age 12, 13 or 14, the players will then face a live pitcher who does not throw fast pitches. They will learn they are .190 hitters, not .390, and grow frustrated to an even greater degree than before.

But then again, I suppose anything that keeps people away from Stewart Brand's postures (*Searching for Brand New Earth Games*, Jan. 7) can't be totally worthless.

JOHN JAY WILHEIM

Princeton, N.J.

Sirs:

Given a small research grant, my firm can develop a mechanism that hits, runs and fields. Combined with JUGS, eight of these machines and a "designated human" (for the sake of tradition) would form a complete baseball team. It seems unlikely that the machines would embarrass their owners by swapping wives or going on strike, and they certainly would sign for less. With the money saved, the owners could then go out and rent a sophisticated computer to manage the team, thus doing away with New

York/Oakland/Detroit kinds of disputes.

The advantages are manifest. All that is left to do is to figure out where we can find several million mechanical firms.

A. PETER HOLLS
Executive Director
Fair-Play Enterprises

Wilson, N.C.

WINGED VICTORIES

Sirs:

Francis Rogallo may be interested in this historic footnote to the sport of hang gliding (*I'm leaping—Fly Me*, Dec. 10). The following is an English translation from a booklet printed for tourists who visit the Galata Tower in Istanbul. The tower, built in 1348, is 425 meters from the sea on a spot 35 meters above sea level. It is 77.25 meters high from the base to the top.

"In the time of Sultan Murad IV (1623-1640), Hazretven Ahmet Çelebi made for himself a pair of eagle wings out of wood, and after completing his practice flights in Ökürme, declared that he would fly from the Galata Tower to Üsküdar (a distance of about a mile and a half). For this he got permission from the government. On that day, the whole of Istanbul was out on the streets,

continued



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MARCH OF DIMES

18TH HOLE continued

and the sultan and his retinue watched from the shore pavilion of the Topkapı Palace. Hazretin Ahmet threw himself into space on his wooden wings, from the top of the Tower, where he was carried by the south-west wind all the way to Doğançılar Square in Üsküdar. Sultan Murad IV viewed him as one to be feared and gave him a present of a purse of gold and exiled him to the province of Algiers. The flight received great interest in Europe, and in England engravings were made depicting this historic event."

KAY W. MAGGART

Istanbul

Sirs:

While thoroughly enjoying the exploits of those daring young men on their Rogallo wings, I realized that two unsworn clichés had taken on an added dimension for me: "Go fly a kite" and "Where there's a Will there's a way."

DAVID LIEBERFARB

East Orange, N.J.

NO TIE BREAKERS

Sirs:

Robert L. Dawson suggested in his letter (Dec. 17) that tie games might be resolved by counting yardage gained, first downs, etc., so that some winner will emerge from each contest. If he and those of like viewpoint would rationalize the situation, they might conclude that, despite the occasional Michigan-Ohio State type of rhabarb, the tie game is essential if college ball is to remain a sport.

Football is a brutally punishing game that has been accurately, but too often, compared in its tactical concepts and physical combat to war. Mismatched teams take the field, and if yardage and first downs were to be decisive elements in victory or defeat, there would be no point in the poorer teams even contesting the game. Long-range scheduling in the college sphere produces a cycle of once-great teams on the downgrade pitted against current powerhouses, e.g., Army vs. Notre Dame. When on occasion a brave bunch of commended kids rises to the heights and, yielding yardage and first downs, still holds on the goal line like the Russians at Stalingrad, bending but not breaking, why should they be doomed to lose via yardage statistics? Conversely, why should a superior squad, unable despite its manpower advantages to run over punts within the allotted time of the game, be deemed winners? There are not all that many tie games, and victory is not all that important. Tie breakers in pro championships, yes; in college, no.

JOHN F. KENNEALLY

Petersburg, Va.

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The football fortunes of Knox College in Galesburg, Ill. were running at less than flood tide during the '60s. From 1960 through 1969 "Old Swish" lost 70 games, tying three and winning only eight.

Of course, it had been worse—there was the period of 1933-34 when Knox suffered 27 straight defeats. The fact is, at no time in its long membership in the Midwest Conference had Swish really alarmed its league rivals, let alone such superpowers as Nebraska and Notre Dame *Notre Dame?*

Knox did play Notre Dame in football. It was quite a spell back, along about the time George Fitch's fictional fullback, Ole Skarsen, was punching imaginary holes in opposing front walls. *At Good Old Swish*, and a lad named Knute Rockne was still in high school. But more than 70 years ago, on Nov. 8, 1902, Knox and Notre Dame had it out at Rock Island, Ill. for the Western "small-college" championship."

Though a decade away from any sort of national stature, Notre Dame was still a tough kid on its own block, with a creditable record against Western Conference opponents; in fact, in 1902 the Irish were defending Indiana state champs.

In Captain Lou (Red) Salmon, revered by earlier generations of alumni and fans as the greatest fullback in their history, the Irish had their first All-Western star. Running low, with a high, jarring knee action, Salmon could hit a line so fast and hard it usually took two or three tacklers to stop him; he had given Michigan a rough time a few weeks earlier, though the Irish had lost: this was the only defeat on Notre Dame's record going into the Knox game.

At the time, Swish was no patsy either, having beaten Northwestern and Kansas, losing only to Chicago 5-0 after soundly outplaying the Maroons. A big, agile line, led by 232-pound George Martin and 210-pound R.R. Franz, operated in front of a small, fast backfield featuring Quarterback Johnny Grogan and Halfbacks Joe Zalusky and Chuck Hopkins. Babe Wilson at end and Henning Ackerson at fullback lent substance to the offense.

Zalusky was Knox's mini-counter to Salmon. A gutsy little athlete, Joe not only ran the ball but, like Lou, did all the kicking. At safety he was a tiger on punt returns, as he had proved to Northwestern a couple of weeks before with a

Knock, Knock, Who's There? Knox!

106-yard runback (the fields in those days were 110 yards long).

The week before the game the tide of excitement spilled over the Knox campus to engulf Galesburg. It even got to the school's crosstown rival, Lombard College. Saturday morning a whooping mass of 800 souls was on hand when the team took off for Rock Island. South Bend and Notre Dame, it might be noted, were taking things more casually.

A sellout crowd of nearly 4,000 packed the Rock Island baseball park that afternoon, among them a courageous character perched on a small platform atop a tall pole, high above the bleachers. He was a telephone operator hired to relay the play-by-play back to the offices of the *Galesburg Evening Mail* via a leased long-distance line.

The game didn't start until 3:15, when Salmon kicked off to the Knox five-yard line. Zalusky returned 15 yards. The first play failed to dent the Irish, but on the second Joe lit out around left end, turned the corner behind good blocking and went 67 yards to the Notre Dame 23 before being brought down.

Here Wilson took over, sweeping the Irish ends four times before being pushed up and over the poked Irish defense for the last two feet. Zalusky kicked the goal and Knox had a 6-0 lead only 4½ minutes into the game.

Stung by the quick touchdown, Notre Dame recovered a fumble at the Knox 38 after the kickoff and turned Salmon loose. Sometimes hurdling, sometimes bulldozing straight ahead on 12 of 13 plays, Lou smashed to a first down on the Swish six. He hit the middle for two more, but the Knox goal-line defense dumped him for a slight loss on the second try. With only one down remaining (in 1902 you had to gain five yards in three downs instead of 10 in four) and four yards to go, Irish Quarterback Fuzzy McGlew tried to make it with a

now long-forgotten maneuver called a quarterback kick. Swish Captain Fred Ewing checked the move by getting to the ball first.

After Zalusky punted to midfield, Knox got a break when Martin stormed through to block and recover Salmon's return kick, but the opportunity fizzled in another fumble. The rest of the half was a bitterly waged standoff.

Much of the second half was a beautiful duel between Salmon and Zalusky. Joe skirted end once for 30 yards but was short on a 50-yard placement attempt, while Lou continued to bounce off the hardening Knox defense. Notre Dame's unimaginative attack, consisting mostly of sending Salmon and Jim Doar straight up the middle, was effectively smothered.

Then, with about 10 minutes left to play and darkness approaching, a holding call gave Knox possession on the Irish 18. Ackerson blasted four, five and nine yards to put the ball only a foot from the goal line, then went over. A tired and battered Zalusky converted, making the score 12-0, favor Knox, before giving way to Fred Prince, the only substitution for either side all afternoon. By now it was too dark to see the play from the stands, but after the kickoff Notre Dame retrieved a fumble on the Swish 33, and Salmon shot through center for 12 yards. George Nyere added 15 and the Knox defenders resorted to flattening anybody who ran, including each other, in an effort to locate the ballcarrier. End Harry Whitmore was knocked stiff on the play, lying on the 25-yard line with Franz standing over him vainly trying to call time out. Notre Dame lined up quickly and sent Salmon through the short-handed defense for a touchdown.

Knox had not even tried to stop him, arguing that time had been called and the touchdown didn't count, but the referee let it stand. When Nyere's try for goal failed because he couldn't see the goal posts, everybody agreed to call it off, though three minutes remained on the clock.

Even before the *Evening Mail's* intrepid aerial reporter had descended from his perch, back in delirious Galesburg feverish planning had begun for a rousing welcome home to the sturdy Knox team that had bludgeoned Notre Dame 12-5 to reign as "college champion of the West."

For what was the first, and may well remain the last, time.

—JACK RUDOLPH

The Seven Sour.



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Finally she sliced an orange, opened a jar of cherries, and there they were. Seven Sours on the rocks.

He took a sip.

"Hey, you make a terrific Sour. I never thought you could do it."

"Well, don't worry," said she. "I never thought you could iron either."

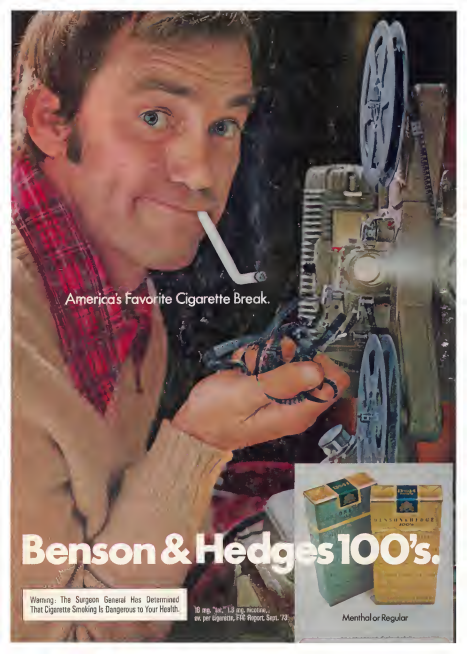


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